



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

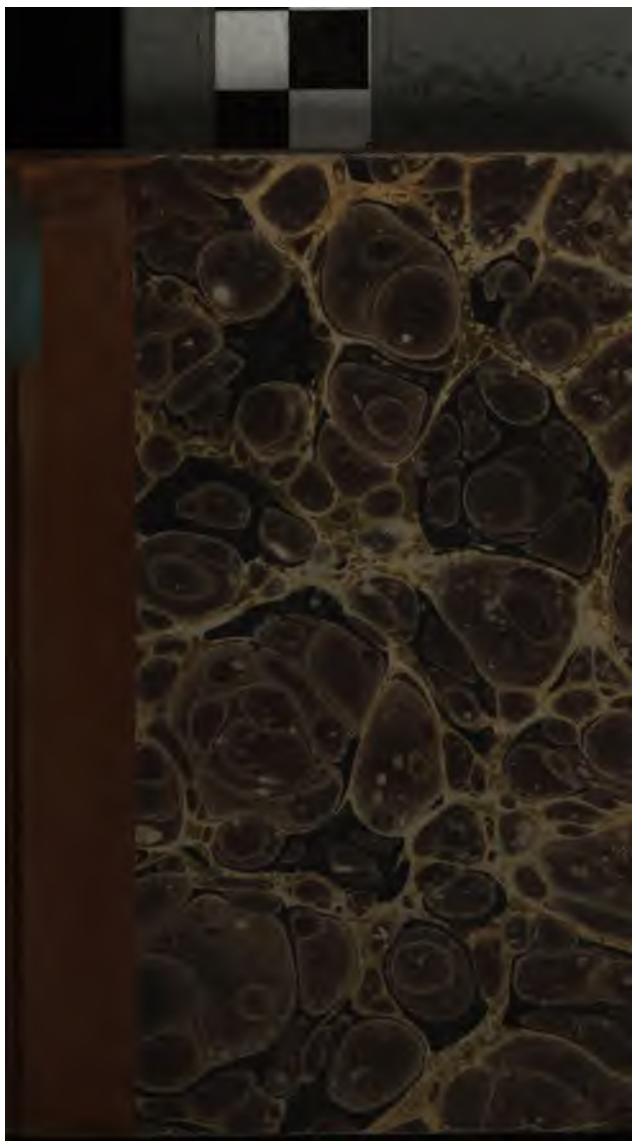
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





48.999.







.

..

.

.

.



BISCUITS AND GROG.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

AND

SKETCHES.

BY PERCIVAL PLUG, R.N.

(Late Midshipman of H.M.S. "Preposterous.")

EDITED BY JAMES HANNAY.

London :

JOHN & D. A. DARLING, 128, BISHOPSGATE STREET.

1848.



London :

PRINTED BY R. S. FRANCIS, 25, MUSEUM STREET
BLOOMSBURY.



PREFACE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE little work, which I have undertaken to present to the public, is intended, less for a consecutive narrative, than a series of light Sketches of Mediterranean and Naval Life, as experienced by the Author, during several years' service, as a midshipman, on the Mediterranean Station.

The title (rather an eccentric one I fear) was suggested by Mr. Jerrold's "*Cakes and Ale.*" I wish the book bore an equally strong resemblance to that work—in ability.

The author has no higher ambition with regard to his performance, than is implied in *the hope*, that it may amuse the idle hour of a

PREFACE.

man of pleasure, or the leisure one, of a man of business ; or that it may occupy a few moments of the time of the reading public, when the day's study of grave and high instructors is over—when Carlyle has been laid aside ; and no fragment of Thackeray not already devoured, can be obtained ; when, as Macaulay says, or would say—

— The crusted port is opened,
And the camphine lamp is lit,
And the chestnut glows on the embers—

where we will stop ; there being no appropriate rhyme wherewith to complete the parody.

JAMES HANNAY.

CHAPTER I.

PLUG ENTERETH THE SERVICE.—BAGGLES AND SHEERNESS.

My name is P. Plug; on the Grampian hills
My father fed a frugal swain,
whose constant care, was to increase his store,
And send his only son, myself, from home
(*From an original Tragedy in M.S.*)

It is customary for those who favour the English public with their personal reminiscences, to begin by giving an account of their pedigree and ancestry. I am sure I should be very happy to follow the general rule, if it were in my power, but, unfortunately, the origin of the Plug family is lost in the obscurity which envelopes many more important matters. As far back as my great-grandfather I tainly can go. An honoured family tradition preserves the fact, that a butt of claret was drank at the funeral of that individual by his pious and sorrowing friends. This was a good old Scotch



BISCUITS AND GROG.

h modern innovation has removed.
/s'' (remarks a respected Scotch
no worth while to gang to a funeral
e get."

my progress from the cradle would,
be uninteresting. I cried, and ate
as Shakespeare did at a similar period
and—with precocious sagacity—quitted
Scotland when quite a boy. At school,
and, I was flogged and taught the classics;
to vote the pious Æneas a bore—my
an impostor, and all study a humbug—in
received the rudiments of a regular English
tion.

what it is to be attributed I know not, but
it is, that among the youth of Great
a very strong feeling prevails in favour of
life. Robinson Crusoe has certainly some
to do with it, and the works of Captai
att increase the feeling, by imbuing th
le mind with a delusive idea, that an offic
navy has nothing to do but drink grog, s
shore and make love to beautiful dam
lark eyes. The effect of the idea is, to f
of the British youth into the navy

before they know anything about their fitness, or unfitness, for it, or any other profession, in consequence of which we perpetually meet with officers afloat who ought to have been parsons ashore, and *vice-versa*. What a splendid boatswain was lost to the service in the Bishop of ——! What a glorious ranter to the conventicle in Captain ——! I fell myself completely into the notion that Providence had intended me for a commodore. I chewed liquorice in the hope that the unwary would take it for a chew of tobacco; abandoned braces, in order to give my trowsers a hitch; and longed for the time when I should have the opportunity of rushing, sword in hand, on some unoffending Frenchman, who had never done me any harm. My guardian offered no great opposition. The navy is a fine profession—and cheap. He was willing to sacrifice his ward to his country; by so doing he would be giving a pledge to the state—in short, getting rid of a troublesome boy at the expense of fifty pounds a-year. Besides, who knows how soon a war might break out? I might, possibly, die a hero in the moment of victory—and the cost of my allowance would be at an end, and no funeral expenses to pay.

Accordingly the family interest was brought to bear on the Whig Admiralty. At that period the Whig government was in rather a tremulous condition; unpopular in the country, and feebly supported in the house. Lord Muddle, the First Lord of the Admiralty, was in particularly bad odour in the profession—partly from his ignorance of its condition, chiefly, because he seemed to have an impression that the duty of a first lord was to fill the navy with his connexions and dependants. And it must be admitted that nobly he discharged that duty—persevering like a martyr in providing for his relatives, even at the expense of his reputation for honesty. He seemed to think that all the Elyott juveniles were expressly created for admirals. They thought so too; and every young gosling of the brood took naturally to the water. To this patriotic minister my guardian applied for an appointment. His unsupported application was met by a decided negative. But he wrote again. His lordship was respectfully reminded that the governor had rendered service to the cause—had procured votes—made speeches. By an astonishing change the crowded engagements of Lord Muddle vanished, and I was appointed volunteer,

1st class, to H.M.S. Caliban, fitting out for the Mediterranean. She was properly an 80 gun ship, but by a cunning manœuvre two guns were removed, and she was thus brought down to the 3rd rate—which took £100 per annum off the captain's pay.

I remember well that I was working a sum in decimals, when a letter of large dimensions brought my appointment. It may easily be supposed that I did not drink much of the muddy school beer that day. I hurried up to town, procured my outfit, and in a short time went down to Sheerness, where it was necessary that I should be examined in reading and writing, which arts, and which only, the government requires naval aspirants to be master of on entering. The regulation itself is of recent introduction. Ought it not to apply to captains also? I know instances, where it would be highly useful. Having got through this ordeal, which indeed appeared as troublesome to the examiner as myself, I proceeded formally to join the Caliban and was introduced to Captain Baggles and Commander Peppercorn. Baggles was an officer who had begun his career in the time of war (one c

the Benbow school, of which I shall have to speak by-and-by). He had trod a deck slippery with blood in Trafalgar, and passed unhurt through the fiery storm of that action. Since that period he had been unemployed, and probably would have remained so till death, but a vacancy occurring in the representation of his native seaport, a Whig underling became a candidate for the honour ; and Baggles, who was a Tory of the good old "port and 'prejudice" school, turned his old coat, sacrificed his principles, and got the command of the Caliban. He was a man of very narrow intellect, and large personal dimensions ; a plethoric antithesis, who thought little, and ate much ; a Justice Shallow on the quarter-deck, and a Hercules at the dinner table. So much for Baggles. His young ones were promising "chips of the old block"-head. Miss Baggles "did not dance with midshipmen," and thought her papa the greatest officer afloat.

Commander Peppercorn was one of those individuals of whom everybody says, that he is a "good fellow at bottom." To be sure, you had to go rather deep into his character before you came to the good. Still, you knew it was there

and tolerated, if not pardoned, the irritability and bad temper which floated on the surface.

My guardian, who had come to Sheerness with me, made a respectful bow to these worthies. Baggles looked majestic—Peppercorn piercing.

"Well, Captain Baggles, I have brought down my boy to join you. I hope you'll find him a good officer," said my guardian,

"Hope so—hope so—for his sake," said Baggles, who spoke in spasmodic grunts. "Hope you won't give him too much money, sir." (No fear of that, thought I.) "Money makes boys extravagant—makes 'em drink and smoke, sir—neglect their work—go to the devil—hem!"

"Well, young gentleman," said Peppercorn, "I will send you on board the hulk, and introduce you to your messmates, and you must come on board the ship every day, watch the fitting, and acquire a knowledge of the work."

This was accordingly done; my guardian returned to town, and I was left to my own resources and haunts on board the hulk, where the crew were quartered during the fitting of the ship. On going below I was ushered to a dirty gun-room, warmed by a small stove, near which were seated the only

officers who had yet joined, viz., Mr. Hankom, an old mate of dissipated habits; Snigger, a second master, very much respected (it was known that he had once fought a duel across a billiard-table), Berkeley, a youth who had joined for the first time, like myself; and Grenville, an assistant surgeon. A couple of forms served as seats at a long table, on which the names of many ships, whose officers had occupied the room, were cut deep; and a cask of ale was suspended in the corner. The other youngster and myself were examined at length as to our families and motives for joining the service, and warned fairly that we would repent of it before long. When the cold evening set in, rum, sugar, and hot water, were produced, and Berkeley and myself had a fight for the amusement of the others. I don't remember going to bed, but in the morning I woke up, finding that my bedding had been made into a couch on the lockers, and heard the voice of old Hankom—

“Now then, youngster,” he cried, “have you a basin?”

“Yes,” answered I, with pride, and opening my chest displayed a shining pewter one, in all its *maiden freshness*.

"Any soap?"

"Oh, yes—two or three bars."

"And towels?"

"To be sure; the best huckaback."

"That will do capitally—hand them out."

Thinking that these directions sprung from an anxious solicitude on the part of old Hankom for my welfare, I obeyed his instructions readily, but was rather surprised to see him proceed to use them himself. However, I had too much sense to complain, and waited patiently till he had finished for my turn. After breakfast I went on board the Caliban.

Perhaps of all the scenes of confusion on the surface of our planet there is none so great as the deck of a line-of-battle ship fitting out. The complement of men not being nearly procured, drafts are obtained from the ships in ordinary, and from the dockyard. These, of course, are not in such a state of discipline as in a vessel in full trim, and a great deal of noise takes place. The decks are covered with spars, huge ropes, stores not stowed away, tar buckets, and paint-pots.

When I reached the ship, such was the state of *things* I found. Stores were being taken in

the lower deck ports, and guns hoisted in on deck.

"Now then," roared a lieutenant who was superintending, "blue-jackets, clap on the purchase. (Silence there, you d—d rascal, will you!) Away you go! That's it my men. Handsomely the guy!"

"Handsomely the guy!" thought I. "What the devil is a guy? That lieutenant seems the nearest approach to it, visible at present." And so soliloquising, I put my hands in the pocket of my monkey-jacket (for it was March, and bitterly cold in that barbarous Sheerness) and began to meditate. Here I was, a helpless unit among a mob of roaring, stamping savages. Involuntarily, my thoughts turned to bright drawing-rooms and warm fires.

"Hollo, youngster," cried the shrill voice of Peppercorn, "stir yourself, come. If I find you with your hands in your pockets again, I'll send for the sail-maker and have them sown up!"

This was encouraging, so I whipped out my unfortunate paws and began to poke about the decks very busily, the result of which zeal was, that I got in everybody's way, and was tripped up

and trod upon once or twice by marines of huge proportions. This damped my ardour a little, but I reflected that everybody had to begin, and consoled myself with the notion, that *I would be able to make other people uncomfortable by-and-bye, myself*. This consolation, indulged as it is, lies at the bottom of a good deal of what is to be complained of in the naval service. Some other changes must first be introduced before you can abolish flogging !

However, on the whole, I got on very well. I went ashore occasionally with my young comrade, Berkeley, and we made such admirable progress, that, in a few weeks, we were both of us able to discriminate judiciously between the ale at the Fountain, and that at the Ship ; we held scientific discourse on the relative merits of Cubas and Havannahs ; discussed the pretensions of two rival barmaids (one with dark—the other with blue eyes) ; and at last were both agreed in opinion that Peppercorn was a passionate humbug, and that it was more than probable that Baggles himself was a fool.

And what more, reader, could you expect from a couple of boys of thirteen, sent on board a man-

of-war from school, and put under the government of Baggles and Peppercorn? If you are not satisfied with our proficiency, you must be unreasonable indeed!




CHAPTER II.

PLYMOUTH SOUND.

My friend, Berkeley, was a joyous, hearty fellow, with a laugh that raised an echo in the innermost recesses of your heart. Having begun our career together, we were of course intimate, and interchanged histories and sentiments. So intimate had we got, that we had in fact registered an agreement that we were each to have the hand of a fair cousin of the other—the consent of either damsel never being thought of for an instant. Little did you think, my dear Miss Jemima Plug, of the determination I had come to respecting you! If you had—I trust that you would never have accepted that odious—but why wring my bosom with the remembrance? Let us return to the Caliban.

Cockney sailors, whose *ultimate Thule* is Gravesend, are accustomed, when panegyrising some city man's yacht, to exclaim that "she sits on the water like a duck!" This praise could not be

bestowed on the Caliban. You might rather say, that she sat on the water like a goose, for the peculiar narrowness of her stern (she was built on a Danish model) caused her to be generally compared to that homely bird, by nautical men. The spring of 184—, the first-born of the year, came laughing down on the earth and sea, and enlivened even the dull Esquimaux of Sheerness (I cannot moderate the expression), and the fitting of the Caliban progressed. The guns and stores were got on board—the top-masts and jib-boom up and rigged. Officers and men joined; and at last, we went out to the Nore and took in our powder. All this time we, the youngsters, had no duty to do, because we could do none; but Peppercorn insisted on our coming up every morning at four, to see the decks washed. Accordingly at that hour you would see half-a-dozen shivering and sleepy juveniles paddling about with their bare feet among holystones, brooms, and wet sand. Occasionally we would take a nap on a gun-slide, when we would be roused by the shrill voice of Peppercorn—"Now then, sir-r-r!" he would exclaim, with a prolonged shriek, "up with you!" Moodily we used to obey. When we went below,





it was to hear Hankom d—m the service; and his wrath was always vented either on the port or the “youngsters.” It seemed agreed unanimously that, by some unlucky accident, we were the worst set of youngsters ever seen. The Admiralty had had a spite against the vessel. In fact, the senior mates had all been appointed by Tory governments, and looked only to Tory governments for their chances of promotion. They were, therefore, not particularly favourable to the *proteges* of a Whig administration. Absurd as party politics are everywhere—ludicrous in a vestry—productive of horrid boring in private society—they are nowhere so ridiculous in their aspect—so preposterous in their consequences—as in a naval mess. For, Whigs and Tories being alternately appointed by each party, and each man retaining his side from interest, the service is divided into factions, and nothing being understood, generally speaking, of the subject, the debates are violent in proportion to the ignorance and prejudice of the disputants. The result is, sometimes, an actual separation of a mess, and, frequently, boisterous discord and contention. *Old Hankom*, in particular, was a violent Liberal.

and used to dispute furiously with Lord Clanmore, the son of a Tory duke.

"That, sir," Clanmore would say, "is a measure which the Whigs were always afraid to undertake!"

"The Whigs afraid! *Try them*, my lord! *Try me!*"

On which two or three members of the mess would interfere, and laugh off the unpleasantness.

"Hankom," Clanmore would then cry out rather mollified, "a glass of wine?"

"No, my lord" (with haughty democratic pride), "you're of superior rank!"

After which the Scotch assistant surgeon would say, that "he could honestly aver that he hadna ever seen siccan whelps as thæ youngsters."

By-the-bye, I may just say, as the question is now agitated, whether assistant surgeons should be removed from the midshipman's to the lieutenants' mess; that the sooner it is done the better—for the midshipmen.

Most of the arrangements of the Caliban being complete, we painted ship, and having fired a salute, departed from Sheerness, and arrived, by

easy stages, at Plymouth, to complete our complement of men, and wait further instructions.

If you ask a midshipman which sea-port he prefers, expecting perhaps (if you are very verdant) an answer on public grounds, you will hear, perhaps, that Sheerness is best, because so near to London, or Portsmouth, on account of its hotel, and other advantages (nothing about the dock-yards, or anything of that sort); but Plymouth is not popular, at least, if we may judge from the fact that "west-country-man" is generally used as a term of derision in the service. I, for my part, enter a decided veto against *all* English seaports, as places of residence, on the following grounds.

A DIGRESSION ON SEAPORTS.

In the first place, it always rains at Plymouth; always blows at Portsmouth; and at Sheerness, always does both.

With regard to the society of seaports, nobody cares a rap for you unless you are naval or military, and if you are, they care for you in proportion to your money. Ensign Booby, with £800 a-year, obtains more respect than any captain or

colonel of inferior means. In the next place, if you are single, you are bored to death by mammas wanting to get you married, and if you are married, your wife is probably snubbed by the wives of other people. In fact, in seaport towns the women rank with their husbands—Mrs. Captain Tomkins above Mrs. Lieutenant Brown, and so on.

As to the military portion of the community, as many of the men in every regiment are of good family, they look down upon the seaport people, and think they do them a great favour by associating with them. Some regiments won't ask midshipmen to their mess. These, to be sure, are few. However, the naval messes, in their turn, fight shy of the military, and talk of a mess dinner contemptuously, as a "barrack feed." Then there are naval cliques and military cliques. The former abjure those d—d soldiers; the latter shudder at those horrid salt water fellows. "I can't bear Mrs. Bubble's parties," says a young lady, "her rooms are black with naval officers." These friendly sentiments tend wonderfully to promote convivial parties.

And then, reader, the shoppiness of seaport

social conversation! When military power is dominant, you hear of So-and-so of the 101st, and So-and-so of the 180th; how Slugsby's horse ran at the Tweedledum Races; and how Jenkins pulled the nose of Blubber, of the Heavy Baboons Regiment; of the prices of saddles and bridles, and the merits of hair triggers; of the late court martial, and the new cartouche-box.

Even this is more tolerable, however (with shame I confess it), than the *shop* dialogue of a naval party. There you hear of the Vanguard's lower deck ports, and the Inconstant's rate of sailing; of hoisting in a launch or rigging a pinnace. There you, and your wives and daughters, may learn the latest improvements in all naval inventions. Should an elderly lady be anxious to know which clue of a mainsail to haul up when it is blowing hard (a piece of information most useful to her), she is sure to learn it in such societies; and a high-church divine may acquire a perfect acquaintance with the merits of Symondite vessels.

As to seaport *scandal*, I leave that department with confidence till I speak of Malta. I flatter myself that my observations on the subject will

be as welcome to the inhabitants of that island as the *sirocco*.

On entering the houses of some naval officers (mark, I only say some !) you involuntarily recognise old acquaintances. The rope which draws up the bucket from the well, is good ship's 3 $\frac{1}{2}$; and the biscuits that accompany the 30s. Marsala are stamped with the queen's arrow.

When parties are given, ship's boats bear the guests, and the music of a ship's band keeps tune to the popping of the gooseberry.

But it is worthy of remembrance that some years ago, when a naval officer was killed at Plymouth, a colonel in command of a regiment (I wish I remembered the creature's name) refused to allow the regimental band to attend his remains to the grave; and it is still more worthy of remembrance that the mates who attended a meeting held to express the indignation which arose in the breast of every man of feeling at the denial—had all their promotions stopped by the Admiralty!

It is sometimes dangerous to have the feelings of humanity, and the courage to express them!

The impartial and intelligent reader will be able to guess, from the above observations, how I,

Percival Plug, liked Plymouth. In a *material* point of view the place is beautiful, and the scenery near the town is fascinating. The noble breakwater—a greater triumph of human power than a hundred victories—fixed by the hand of science, resists the rolling of the ocean, whose baffled waves dash themselves noisily and angrily, and break, scattered upon its surface. An ever fresh breeze wantons on the surface of the Sound, and its waters ripple in smiles to greet the released captive of Æolus. On the western side is the beautiful scenery of the Mount-Edgcombe estate, and glancing towards the shore you observe forests of masts—the whole picture displaying an alliance between the best powers of nature and art.

But, *morally* considered, the society is disagreeable, and there is more vice among the lower orders than in most other towns. To this fact the bishop of the diocese has recently added his testimony. It is a curious circumstance too, that in Plymouth, as in other seaports, the most extravagant sects seem to flourish wonderfully. Portsmouth still boast some believers in Joanna Southcote, who are greeted on leaving the dockyard, occasionally, *by gee-up, Shiloh!* from the boys. “The lethargy

of the English Church" (says Bulwer) "is the life of dissent."

At Plymouth we passed our time in the Caliban as other vessels do. At 9 A.M. we went to quarters, mustered, inspected, and dismissed the men. When we went on shore we regaled ourselves in the forenoon on pastry, in Union Street, and spent our evenings at the London. Occasionally we would go to the theatre, and on those occasions it generally, by a curious coincidence, blew too fresh to go off to the Sound. Sometimes also it happened that we had to pay a morning visit to the magistrate which generally ended in our contributing a small amount to the revenue of our country. After a little affair of this sort on one occasion, a midshipman of the name of Woggles came on board in that state in which lords wish to be, who don't love their ladies. It was nothing surprising this, on the part of Woggles, for Bacchus was the only Deity in which he believed. The boat came off to the ship, and his form was seen gracefully vibrating on the stern sheets. Peppercorn, who had observed the spectacle from the poop, came running to the gangway to receive the offender—his face glowing with delight at the approaching triumph

of his power. The boat came alongside ; and—shaking the side-ropes—his knees knocking at every step against the ship's side—up came Woggles, his face glowing with the grape. He staggered on board and stood in majestic drunkenness before his commander.

“ Good God ! Mr. Woggles—you're disgracefully drunk, Sir-r-r,” cried Peppercorn.

“ I be-be-lieve you, my pigeon ! ”

This was Woggles' sole reply to the indignation of naval power, and he was borne in triumph below.

But this brilliant retort—what was it, reader, compared with the humiliation which it was the lot of Peppercorn to sustain shortly afterwards at the hands of a junior ? Peppercorn was in the habit of going on shore in plain clothes. Warden, a midshipman, had charge of the first watch on one of these occasions, and knowing, that an officer cannot be recognized officially if out of uniform, took care when Peppercorn came on board that there should be no light at the gangway, and no one to receive him. He himself continued walking about the opposite side of the ship and suffered Peppercorn to come on board unnoticed, alone. *Foaming with rage*, came that great commander on deck.

"What do you mean by this, sir-r-r?"

"Hollo," cried Warden, apparantly quite ignorant of Peppercorn, "quarter-master, who's this?"

"Don't you know who I am, sir-r-r?" shrieked the little man again. "Who do you take me for, sir-r-r, eh?"

"Why," answered Warden, coolly, "from your voice, I should take you to be Commander Peppercorn, but from your *appearance*—to be a *Jew*!"

Overcome by emotion, Peppercorn rushed down to his cabin and madly buried himself in his bed-clothes. You may be sure that the "youngsters" suffered for this in the morning. I, Percival Plug, who, if I met this Peppercorn now, would annihilate him, was three times called by him a "lubberly young rascal," when pursuing my duties as midshipman of the mizen-top, at loosing sails.

With the exception of little affairs of this sort, our time passed very heavily. It was curious for me to trace the gradual decline of my enthusiasm. I had got behind the scenes, and found that the fierce and dignified appearance of the heroes who strut the stage, was to be attributed to burnt cork, carmine, and a wig. *I had walked up to the spectre that appalled my*

infancy, and found that it was a turnip lantern. Enthusiastic people had talked to me about warriors and mighty men. I had approached and beheld—Baggles! The veil had been pulled from the countenance of the false prophet, and behind it I had seen a vulgar face, with a pug nose.

However, I went on with my observations of the scene around me, and particularly took every opportunity of conversing with old quarter-masters. To while away the tedium of the watch, I had walked one night on the poop, and sitting on the spanker boom, was lost in meditation. Old Davidson, the quarter-master, came up, and from the way in which he walked, I could see that the veteran was inclined to be communicative.

“Davidson,” said I, “do you ever drink grog?”

“Sometimes, sir,” was the reply.

“Well,” said I, “if you go below to the gun-room, you’ll find a bottle of rum in the buffet, with a piece of paper round its neck, bearing my name. Bring up with it a tumbler, and some water. Are the hawse clear, by the way?”

“No, sir; there’s been an elbow in ’em since the wind changed.”

Off went the old boy, and presently returned with the materials.

"The present port admiral," said I, by way of beginning the conversation, "seems to be pretty much liked by everybody?"

"Ay, sir; there's few fairer spoken, or more what you may call upright men, than old Sir Gregory—leastwise there ain't many who cares more for them as has the work to do."

"There's a ball there to-night, I see?"

"Yes, sir. It's to be hoped as how there won't be no such visitors to-night, as I heard my father say went once into the house in his time."

"Why, did any of Sir Gregory's predecessors encourage loose people then—bad society?"

"Whether he encouraged them (old Sir John Suckworth I'm speaking of, sir), I can't say; likewise, whether they was loose, I don't know; but I understand as how the grandfather of all loose folks—the father of all lies, as the parson calls him—was plainly seen the evening o' that old man's death flying out of the window alongside of him."

"Bah! Davidson, what nonsense!"

"Begging your pardon, sir, but don't speak so

loud. I never knew any good come of discrediting them sort of apparitions. Who knows who may be hearing of us?"

"Why, Davidson, you can't surely believe any such story?"

"My old father, sir (he served in the Terrible, and has been dead these two years) told me often that the sentry in the square, afore the admiral's house, on seeing the Devil and the old admiral coming out of the window together, was struck so fearsome that he threw down his musket, and ran off to the guard-house."

"Drunk, probably."

"No more than you and I, sir. And there ain't nothing so unreasonable in the Devil's being visible, as a warning, just for once. That old Suckworth, sir, was as infernal an old tyrant as ever trod a deck. Many a man he was the hanging of in his day. 'Sir,' he would say, 'to a poor fellow as was booked to swing, 'did you see the sun rise this morning?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Then you *won't see him set!*'"

"Depend on it, Davidson, these were inventions of some mutinous rascals whom he was forced to punish."

“ Maybe, sir ; but there’s the fact of the taking of him away, in his nightcap too, and dressing-gown, just as he had risen for minutes to sit by the fire ; and you know, died in his arm-chair. At his funeral there were hundreds present, and my father, who was at the window looking on, ‘ There goes the old man — to hell,’ says he.”

“ Well, Davidson, it does not matter to me now, what people say of him. I think I hear the Thunder strike eight bells. Our sentry says he has gone to sleep. Go and see about the matter, and rouse up my relief.”

It is unnecessary to trouble the reader with anything further on the subject of Plymouth. We completed our crew and sailed for Portugal, where we took in some luggage (including an ambassador), and left England in July.


In the next chapter I shall have the pleasure of meeting the reader under a golden sun, and the azure waters of the merry Mediterranean.

2

CHAPTER III.

**"GOING OUT."—PLUG GIBES AT GIBRALTAR.—WARS
AND RUMOURS OF WARS.**

IF I were disposed to imitate the example of some modern writers of fiction, I should make a great point of describing the Caliban in the Bay of Biscay. I should talk of her jumping and rolling, and kicking and turning; and of the wind shrieking, and howling, and roaring; I should expatiate on the flying masses of clouds; and describe every feather in the tails of the stormy petrels which flew about her. Suffice it to say, that in due time we reached Lisbon, where we had to stay a week. It is a splendid and filthy town, which may be compared to a Venus with a dirty face, and by no means deserves so fine a river as the Tagus. I would advise those of the travelling public who may go there, to keep—in coming back at night from the opera—the centre of the street. Should they patronise the sides, they are likely to receive a shower from heaven—not of manna.



Gibraltar was the next place we proceed and our passage through the "gut," as elegantly called, was celebrated with champagne. Hankom grew enthusiastic over his third bottle and calling all the youngsters round him, tried to make us drunk. He succeeded in becoming himself at all events; grew tremendously warm and rolled about the gun-room, vowing that he would stand by his country—which he was unfit to do, and was carried to his hammock peaceably.

Gibraltar is an enormous rock, the top of which is peopled by apes, and the bottom by soldiers. There is a tradition that the apes came originally by a submarine passage from the African coast, and emerged at St. Michael's Cave, which is about half-way up. Whether this be correct I am unable to determine, for when the Commodore arrived, the tribe were enjoying themselves on the Mediterranean side of the rock, which they usually keep, until driven to the other by the wind, and I had no opportunity of consulting the natives on the subject. The town is narrow, and not particularly elegant; the inhabitants ugly, and particularly clean. How the officers stat

there manage to rub along without falling a prey to *ennui*, I cannot understand. Billiards is an interesting game, but tables are few in number, and one cannot play for ever. The turn for "guard" comes only once a fortnight. Even cigars, direct from Havannah, at eighty dollars a thousand, will cease to charm, and the market near the New Mole, with its men and women in Spanish costume, its rich fruits, and its many-coloured game, cease to attract. What then can a sensible man do? Gallop his horse on the Neutral Ground, over a leaping-bar; fire at the pump there with a pistol; or cross over to Alge-siras, and see a third-rate bull-fight? All these can be exhausted in a week, and what is a private gentleman to resort to, particularly if, as is generally the case, any draught on his intellectual resources is returned with "no effects?" A calpe hunt was started some years ago, but foxes are scarce, and there is nothing to jump over, or into, but some large holes. A hurdle-race was also got up, and this promised some excitement, for very soon an officer was killed; but an order from the Horse Guards put a stop to this luxury, and all was desolation again. Once the *ennuyés* had a

rare windfall—a waterfall, I should say. I allude to the bursting of a huge water-spout, borne by a whirlwind over the rock. This plunged the island in affliction and salt water, and gave rise to some amusing adventures, for the men-of-war present, seeing the confusion on shore (it happened in the night), imagined that a fire had broken out, and sent boats ashore with engines to extinguish the water.

Away went the Caliban, borne by the west wind, and next visited Barcelona. I expected this place to see nuts swarming everywhere, but to my surprise, never saw a bunch. And this may be taken as a general rule—that you can never get a commodity in a place universally celebrated for it. If you want Madeira, go to a London hotel—not to the island; and get your figs from a grocer in the city, rather than ask for them in Smyrna. Of Barcelona, it is only necessary to say that it boasts a splendid promenade and many *cafes*, and that a very good dinner may be obtained on moderate terms at the *Quatre Nations*.

When the Caliban arrived at Malta, in the latter part of the year 184—, we found instructions to proceed to join the admiral and the

at Beyrout, carrying as many stores for the squadron as we could, without incommoding the guns. This was an important proviso, for the Syrian war had just broken out. Place after place had been bombarded, and troops landed. The gallant Albanian, who rules on the throne of Egypt, saw his schemes of ambition defeated by European intervention. The tottering power of the Turkish Empire was bolstered up by English assistance, and half the papers in France were crying out for war. It may easily be imagined that this state of things was a glorious change for the Mediterranean squadron, tired of the monotony of peace, and wearied with doing nothing. On arriving at Beyrout, where the fleet was, I entered at once into the spirit of the time. Everything was active and gay. Early in the morning the crews were summoned on deck to drill, and the strictest discipline maintained. All day long boats were seen passing from ship to ship, and signals flew from the masts-heads. And as officers came on board to see old messmates, lively anticipations were interchanged. "Sidon will be the next place," you would hear a young midshipman cry, "then Acre—and then—who knows?—perhaps, Alexandria!"

"And if there's a war with France—I hear that they mean to send their squadron down to Alexandria, to raise the blockade there," said Ferrers, of the Bellerophon, one day at lunch in our mess.

"I hope I'll be there if they do," said Sydney, one of our midshipmen. "I saw them weigh in Vola Bay last year, and two of them went ashore! That's not the kind of seamanship to face old Fisher, of the Asia, and his squadron with."

"Then look at our gunnery," said Ferrers. "Do you know what the gunnery-lieutenant of the Harold did the other day? When we were bombarding Beyrout, he went to one of the main-deck guns, and taking the trigger-line from the captain of it, pointed at the town. Soon after, a man's head was seen peeping out of a loop-hole in the rickety old castle. Jerk went the trigger-line—bang went the shot—and the fellow's head was smashed in a second."

A roar of laughter greeted the anecdote.

"Did he tell that story himself?" said I, "because if he did I think he ought to be raised to the peerage, with the title of Baron Munchausen."

"*A fact, I assure you. Queer fellows, these*

Harolds. Heard what old Laurie, the captain of her, did the other day?"

"No. We've been out of all the fun, in this dirty old Caliban."

"Why, sir, the Harold was lying within gunshot of the shore between Beyrout and Djouni and there was nobody in sight on the beach at all. Up came old Laurie, and ordered half-a-dozen main-deck guns to be got ready. It was done. 'Now send the band on the poop, and make them play a lively air.' That was done also; and the mountaineers, attracted from their shelter by the music—like serpents charmed from their holes—came down on the beach. The guns were fired, and they were cut up right and left. Didn't they run!"

"The blood-thirsty old miscreant?" cried Sydney, and was echoed by some of the berth, though many could not help laughing at the trick.

"Not one of all these poor wild mountaineers," said I, "but had some dark-eyed girl to weep for him, most probably. Perhaps had a widowed mother, now lamenting him—desolate in the mountains of Lebanon!"

"Bah! my dear fellow," said the matter-of-fact Ferrers, "all's fair in war. They'd serve us just the same if they had a chance. We've all got mothers to weep for us, hav'nt we, or relations of some sort?"

"Yes," remarked Burden, "and some of them don't come half often enough down with the needful."

Such were the stories which enlivened us, and "biscuits and grog" were passed round merrily. Better this, thought I, than *τυπτώ, τυπτεῖς, τυπτεῖ*, repeated in the class at old Birchem's, or illustrated, practically, by that gentleman with a rod!

"There's another story to be told of the Harold yet," said Ferrers, refreshing himself with a draught of "swizzle," as weak grog is called in the service. "Some of you fellows knew Langley, who belonged to her?"

"Ah! he came to sea as an amateur midshipman, and had £2,000 a-year of his own; parted pathetically from a couple of maiden aunts—and all that sort of thing, didn't he?"

"Poor fellow," continued Ferrers, "he was an *enthusiast*. I knew him very well, and I'm afraid

I didn't half sympathise with him. He used to come on deck sometimes and talk to me in the middle watch, in the *Bellerophon*, about glory, and ambition, and the progress of the species, and God knows what—and he would never take anything—not even a cigar! 'Ferrers,' he would say, 'I feel that I am destined to do something in my day. There is almost a certainty of a European war. Would to God that there were, and that I had done something for renown! Would that I could have my epitaph engraved upon the moon, that all generations might read it, while they enjoyed her light!' Why, my dear boy, I used to say, what language would you like it written in? It would require a deuced number to make it intelligible to all the world! The moon's face would have to be enlarged!"

"By Jove," cried old Hankom, interrupting, "the youngster was downright cracked, and wanted a good rope's end."

"I hae seldom heard o' a more clear case of incipient insanity. He was *joost* distractit, and gone clean daft," said the Scotch assistant surgeon.

"Well," continued Ferrers "some time after our

last conversation, it was determined to send boats with a party to cut off a train that had been laid to a mine on shore. Langley went to old Laurie and begged and prayed to be allowed to go on the expedition in the Harold's first cutter. With some difficulty he obtained leave. The boat landed, and Langley, sword in hand, rushed at the head of the men on the enemy. The struggle was short and fierce: the work was accomplished—the party regained the cutter, and just as Langley jumped on one of the thwarts, a shot from an Albanian's musket struck him in the heart, and he fell dead in the bottom of the boat. As she neared the ship, telescopes were anxiously turned to her, but instead of the handsome face of the officer in her stern-sheets, a heap was seen lying there, covered over with the ensign, which told the whole tale. He was buried at Djouni."

"Served him right," quoth Hankom, "for coming to sea, when he had £2,000 a-year!"

Such was not my commentary on the melancholy narrative. It is strictly and literally true, and while I write these sentences, the breeze from the Mediterranean stirs gently the weeds upon his *lonely grave*.

We, of the CALIBAN, soon found that we had come too late on the station, and execrated our ill-fortune. Most of the active work had been done, and Stopford and Napier were waiting further instructions. Acre, however, was not yet taken—there was still a chance, and it was with some hope that we learned that we were to join the squadron blockading Alexandria, which (after watering at Dog River, near Beyrout) we proceeded to do.



CHAPTER IV.

BLOCKADING AND BAGGLES.

THE word blockading has a very warlike sound—smells strongly of gunpowder—and I have often made a considerable impression in private and domestic society by beginning the conversation with, “When I was blockading Alexandria!”

Now, however, when standing face to face with the public, and bent on telling the truth (and considering the rarity of the commodity, I think this book cheap at a shilling), it behoves me to say that this same “blockading Alexandria” in the Caliban in 184—, was one of the most peaceable, most commonplace, and most monotonous employments in which I was ever engaged. There were about six line-of-battle-ships and a couple of steamers employed in the service. In the morning we stood in, in column (that is, sailing abreast, two and two), to make a demonstration, and show the Egyptians that we were wide awake. Then we *stood off again*, taking care to keep out of gun-

shot, and so went backwards and forwards for whole weeks. The internal affairs of the ship had a spice of absurdity which enlivened us occasionally ; as for instance, Baggles would deliver an oration to the men in language that would have done discredit to the learned pig ; and Peppercorn took it into his head once, to have all the youngsters sent to the sick-bay to take a black draught ! But, generally, the affair was "slow." What had become of the French war ? Was Alexandria never to be taken ? The mess, too, began to get short of potatoes and live stock, and famine was staring us in the face—I mean, by famine, the necessity of eating salt junk and biscuit, as Nelson and Collingwood did in the war, and as the common sailors do every day. We began to despond. Some fellows took to *vingt-et-un* ; others actually began to read Goldsmith, and a few even advanced to the pitch of counting up their debts, and thinking of their relations. Baggles, whose library consisted of the *Nautical Almanack* and the *Whole Duty of Man*, took to eating against time ; and Peppercorn to studying the weak points of his inferior officers, in order to know how to catch them tripping in duty, and how to annoy

them most. The arrival of the grog at three bells, in the second dog watch, viz., half-past seven, P.M., was quite an event, for then we would listen to some old mate's anecdotes of past experience; or some midshipman who had served on board the Ridiculous, the gunnery-ship at P—, would tell us, how her worthy commander used to make long speeches to the midshipmen, which invariably contained this sentence—"subordination is the pivot on which the service turns;" how, consequently, these speeches were called pivots on all occasions; and how the "pivot gun at sea." a parody, was written and sung for public amusement. Or, perhaps, we would have the story of Lord Beckler, a young and foolish mate in the service, who having, on one occasion when out shooting at Lisbon with a mess-mate, shot a bull belonging to the beef-contractor, and threw down his gun, with horror in his features, exclaiming to his companion, "Let us avoid the haunts of man!" Sometimes the story told would have a pathetic interest, or a horrible one, as when one of the mess told us of a ship that, having been the scene of many murders, became haunted to *such an extent, that no one on board her dared*

go to bed sober, but everybody got drunk at sunset. After such a narrative, would follow reminiscences of the Coast of Africa—of slave ships crammed with negroes, each poor wretch having a tally round his neck, with a number on it, to distinguish him from his fellows, instead of a Christian name; of Drinkwater, a famous slave-captain, once an officer in the navy, who, in a hot chase, would loosen his rigging and stays to let the masts work; and of daring vessels, which, having got safe to windward of an English cruiser in pursuit, would hoist, in derisive triumph, a small nigger boy up to the peak!

. But what are those shouts on deck this fine night? It is past midnight, and all has hitherto been still. "Top-men up to shake a reef out! Top-mast studding-sails ready for setting. Keep her away!" Have the French come at last? "Hurrah!" A foreign vessel is trying to break the blockade. She has escaped the eyes of the other vessels, being reserved for the Caliban, and we are off to capture her.

The helm having been put up, and sails trimmed, we quickly gathered way, and got within hail of the stranger, a large schooner—"Heave ho,"

cried the officer of the watch. There was no answer. "Lower the cutter, and I'll go on board," said the lieutenant. This he did, and did proudly for, he expected to get great credit for bringing the presumptuous stranger too. But what was his disappointment!—what was the disappointment of Baggles—of all of us, when it was discovered by the lieutenant that the schooner was the *tender of our own squadron!* whose officer in command had gone to sleep? We returned—like a dog with his tail between his legs—to our station in the order of sailing, and furnished food for the laughter of the whole fleet next morning at breakfast.

While the Caliban and other ships were thus wasting their time and patience (how old Mohammed Ali must have laughed at us, when smoking his chibouque), the fortunate portion of the naval forces had done a brilliant deed without our participation or knowledge; a deed which was to resound in Europe and echo over the globe. The *Revenge* joined us one day, under full sail. Expectation was instantly excited. An officer who came on board told the story in an instant—

"Acre is taken, and Le Mesurier killed!"

This was the final blow of the British arms

against that potentate, who, most of all living men, deserves a comparison with Napoleon. The hypocritical juggler who disgraces the French throne, and aspires to such a comparison, shrinks into the proportions of a dwarf, compared with the profoundly wise, and nobly brave, monarch, who has introduced into the East, European civilization and skill; and who is equally great in council and in the field. The balance of power required that his designs of aggrandisement should be checked, but his genius must command every man's admiration, and his name will be remembered as long as the old kings of his famous land—remembered by his actions, as Cheops by his pyramid.

It was in November that the fleet, under Admiral Stopford, approached St. Jean d'Acre, and demanded that they should surrender. An indignant refusal was returned, and boats were immediately sent from the squadron to lay down buoys. In the morning the fleet got under way, and anchored *inside* these. Whether this was the result of accident or design I know not, but it had an important effect, for the gunners of the battery on shore, thinking that the ships would anchor where the buoys had been laid down, pointed their

guns beforehand, and blocked them up with bags of sand. The consequence was, that the shot from the batteries flew all day long, over the hulls of the English ships, occasionally cutting away rigging, but not doing much harm either to spars or men.

Different indeed was the way, in which the firing was managed, on the part of the British fleet. Since the destruction of the two cities—over whose foundations the Dead Sea now rolls its bitter waters—no town, perhaps, has been the victim of such fiery vengeance as was this stronghold of the East, whose walls Napoleon had attacked in vain. Showers of shot and shell poured upon it—sweeping men from the guns as the autumn winds sweep away the faded leaves; smashing the guns and their carriages—the houses and the walls, which, falling, crushed in the ruins the men who vainly attempted to defend them. In the middle of the day, a tremendous explosion was heard. The heavens were darkened, and the strong ships trembled on the waters. Right well had a shell from the Gorgon done its duty. Hissing through the air it went, like a Fury dispatched from Hades, *and fell into a magazine.* When the noise died

away, hundreds of human beings, as well as poor camels and asses, lay dead upon the ground.

In the evening boats and men landed. Acre had fallen, and with it the last hopes of Mohammed Ali's ambition.

Unfortunately the last hope of Percival Plug's warlike ambition also. Napier came down to Alexandria—the affair was soon settled, and the “blockading squadron” departed for Marmorice Bay.

On our way thither we fell in with one of the most tremendous gales that ever blew in the Mediterranean. For two days I did not know what to think of the matter, and expected to see the moon clean blown out of the sky; but, luckily, no such catastrophe occurred, and in a short time I had the pleasure, in passing Rhodes, of laughing at one of the most amusing spectacles I ever saw.

Baggles, with a telescope, the size of, and uglier than, a pump, was observed on the poop looking anxiously over the quarter, at the famous island—the *Claram Rhodon* of Horace—the dwelling place of the proud Knights of St. John. What could it be, that thus moved the curiosity of Baggles,

that—penetrating through the fat—was agitating his heart?

“Hum! hum!—can’t see it—can’t see it—hum!” grunted Baggles, red with excitement.

“See what, Captain Baggles?” asked an officer, who was standing near him.

“The Colossus, sir—the Colossus!”

The unfortunate Baggles had never heard of the destruction of that celebrated statue. If “ignorance is bliss,” he must have been a happy man.

Shortly afterwards the squadron arrived in Marmorice Bay, nearly opposite Rhodes, a bay, round, large, and deep, with a narrow entrance, resembling a Dutch jar in shape. It is surrounded by high mountains, and altogether would be a very nice place to lay in, were there but a civilized town on shore.

After our arrival came the Turkish fleet, freed at last from Alexandria, having, *en route*, suffered dreadfully from the gale, in which an unfortunate lieutenant was drowned. He had been obliged to go aloft to cut away the top-gallant masts—the seamanship of Turkish sailors not enabling them *to shorten sail in fresh breezes!*

CHAPTER V.

THE EAST.

THE time of the year is winter, but the weather is mild, and Marmorice Bay is sheltered by the hills. While the Caliban is lying there, with nothing to do, and the Turkish Fleet is equally idle, and a shade more dirty—each ship, with its gaudy gilded stern, looking like something between Noah's Ark, and a Lord Mayor's Barge; I beg to request the reader's company to a slight excursion to the East—the land of poetry and poverty; of sweet flowers and deadly reptiles; of "airs from Heaven" fit to ventilate a paradise; and of stench that would terrify the Sanitary Commission; that would appal even those benevolent busybodies, who will have—not a finger—but a nose—in "everybody's pie:" and those professional philanthropists, who "seek the bubble reputation, even in the *sewer's* mouth."

It may be as well to premise, once for all, that this work is not intended to be a consecutive nar-

rative, but essentially a Sketch-Book. I shall not say that the Caliban went on such a day, to such a place; for during our commission, we went to the same places over and over again; but I shall describe what I have seen and heard at various periods;—giving as much personal narrative, only, as may serve for a thread of connection—a line to lead the reader through my labyrinthine windings to the Fair Rosamond (so I flatter myself) within.

Mount, now reader, on the crupper of my Pegasus, and let us go to Beyrout.

The East is like a painting by Turner—a very wonderful production, but requiring to be seen—from a certain distance. Stand, for example, on the deck of your vessel, smoking your cigar, off Beyrout, shaded by a closely spread awning to protect you from the sun. You see a town before you of bright-coloured buildings, looking like a house built of cards. It is set in a beautiful country—low, but relieved by small hills, and dotted by palm forests. Along the side of the latter, runs a road, and the country is everywhere intersected by lanes, with high banks on the sides, overgrown by the rough green prickly-pear. In the distance *are the mountains of Lebanon*, high, barren, and

bare—wearing a light night-cap of snow on the summit; and even in their bosom having streaks of snow, in the shaded portions, protected from, or deprived of, the sun-god's smile. Down nearly to the water's edge, some dozen miles from the town, are high rocks, between which—as if a passage had been cut for it by a tremendous blow—runs Dog River, where vessels water. The town itself, stands close upon the edge of the sea, and the foot of the old black castle is washed by its waves, which break also over the top of some small rocks peeping above the surface near the narrow landing-place. Seen in summer-time, when the bright flowers are woven into the green of the country, the spectacle is beautiful, but, as I said before, it must be seen from a certain distance. “Keep your distance,” and your impressions will be one sensation of delight, and the views will long after rise to your memory, cheering you in the “Fog-Babylon,” as Carlyle hath it, called town. But approach nearer, and your enthusiasm diminishes. As the boat nears the shore, just as she turns round the point to go in, there comes from it, a fearful stench. On that point *stands the slaughter-house, and down its sides runs*

the putrifying blood of a week's sacrifice! You would think that they had been offering up a hecatomb to the Devil, and meant the smell, to be in keeping with the occasion. The boat hurries past, and soon you land at the narrow, slippery stairs on the right-hand, opposite the Castle. You enter a narrow town—pass through the streets with their bazaars of gaudy trumpery; and securing a wretched horse, with a wooden contrivance for a saddle, and its deficient trappings, helped out by knotty ropes and coarse cloths—depart for an afternoon ride. The lanes are dusty, and, perhaps, the sea-breeze benevolently stirs them. An hour or two gives you a slight coating, and the dust getting into your eyes, fits you admirably for a calm poetical contemplation of the scenery. In the meantime, huge blue-bottle flies coolly settle themselves on your quadruped to lunch, insensible alike to the lashing of his tail and your whip. When you come back from your pleasure excursion, what refreshment would you like? You are at liberty to help yourself to a cup (the size of your grandmother's thimble) of muddy coffee without sugar or milk, with a nargilly that won't draw, *or a glass of weak lemonade*, which nearly chokes

you—it is so full of pips! Beware of the brandy—unless you like aniseed; and you must indeed be a profound oriental scholar if you don't quarrel about the change of piasters with your host—a Maltese, who has, most probably, been obliged to fly his native island. As for the heat of Beyrout, it is intense and over-powering. For a great part of the summer months the sea is not visited by a breeze during the whole day. I have known the thermometer under the Caliban's poop, in the shade, stand for weeks together at 90°. The parts of the ship exposed to the sun's rays grew so hot, as to render it impossible, for you to retain your hand upon it for any time; and if we removed at night from the cock-pit, where the heat was above 100°, to take a nap on deck, it was nothing uncommon for a man to find himself, on awaking, pinned—like Gulliver—to the deck, the pitch of the seams having melted, and kept fast his clothes—sometimes even his hair! Thus, the East has its disadvantages as well as its beauties; and I would recommend my readers, when they encounter in society a travelled bore, who raves about the latter exclusively, to say to him—"Yes, *sir*, *Syria* is, indeed, a 'land of roses,' but when

you were there how did you like to encounter, in your daily ramble, a dead camel? Was its odour, or that of the roses predominant? How many such pleasing objects did you meet for one Lalla Rookh?" This will check most bores of the species; even Lord Caskobeer (should you have the ill-luck to meet him), whom I saw at Beyrout, wearing trowsers of enormous width—perfect wind-sails—of what may be called the butchers'-blue pattern, and a huge-brimmed straw hat, such as the peasants in a pastoral opera wear. He had escaped the bitter ridicule of Lord Bubbleby, which always greeted him in the Lords, and was now writing a book of travels of enormous size, to tell the people of England what he had had for dinner abroad, and other important matters, and was very intimate with Captain Ransacker, of H.M.S. Steamer Hookit, who was known as Lion Ransacker, and who, when ordered home, sailed from Malta *in the middle of the night*, rather unexpectedly. There were some persons on shore, by the way, who did not hesitate to say, on that occasion, that the captain's large bills, had something to do with this nocturnal sailing, as daytime would have *done very well* for it, but as these were mere

honest tradesmen, and the captain wore large whiskers, and had a swaggering air, nobody paid much attention to them.

Beyrout is not without warlike attractions, as the Druses and Maronites are perpetually fighting, burning each other's villages, and carrying off each other's cattle. It is by no means improbable that you may drop on a pitched battle, going on in a quiet valley, and view it comfortably from the top of a house. Should you be a fighting man, your aid will be welcomely received, but take care to get on the strongest side if possible. With respect to their relative merits, it is right to give the preference to the Maronites, who profess Christianity, but you must be guided by circumstances. Young Elson, a friend of mine, in the Caliban, fought a whole afternoon with the Druses, and did not find out his mistake, till it was too late, to go over to the other side. I took care to keep the safe side—that is the top of the house aforesaid, on the "*suave mari magno, &c.*" principle of Lucretius.

Watering at Dog River, is an operation, which, next to the total want of water, is perhaps the most disagreeable in the world. As the Caliban

was never managed like any other vessel, a great deal of water was wasted, and the consequence was, that the duty of watering fell frequently upon us; and then it was performed at Dog River. That beautiful little stream after running down to the shore between the rocks, forms a bed for itself near the edge, and makes a kind of small lake. Now, as a strong surf continually beats upon the beach, the shingle and stones are heaped up on the narrow entrance to it, and consequently the passage is so shallow that no boat can pass through, except at particular periods. This renders it necessary to send engines on shore with hoses attached to them, and leading to the boats anchored in the surf. Besides this, a great number of casks are pitched overboard; the men stript to their waists plunge over also, and pushing them before them, swim on shore. Here they fill them, and make them fast with "toggles," to ropes leading from the boats, which tow them on board—laden also inside—by slow and laborious exertions. All the work which I have thus briefly described, is done under a scorching sun, and in a roaring surf. The skin crackles on your face, and your lips *swell and peel*. Who can describe the delightful

effect, of a glass of cold brandy-and-water, on coming on board, after such an expedition ?

I cannot better conclude this chapter, devoted to Beyrout and the vicinity, than by narrating the melancholy adventure which happened to Lieutenant Bummer, and Mr. O'Doodle of H. M. brig, Snob, when lying there, three years after the time of the Caliban. The Snob was a beautiful brig of the Symondite build, and O'Doodle and I, had many very pleasant days in her, for I belonged to her, after the Caliban had left the station, though not at the period when Bummer's adventure took place.

The Snob was lying near the town, and the Esk, whose captain was senior officer, was lying at Dog River. Letters and dispatches arrived on board the Snob, and Bummer was directed by the commander to proceed with the latter, first to the Esk and subsequently on shore to the consul. Mr. O'Doodle accompanied him as midshipman of the boat.

Bummer was a little, fat, pompous man, who was bent on two things—dignity and comfort. Like Garrick between the Tragic and the Comic Muses, Bummer was divided between his regard for his

dignity, and for his comfort. Between the two he was sometimes in a tantalising position. Thus, "dignity" made him desirous to keep his inferior officers at a distance, but "comfort" prompted him to come and have a chat with you, and a cup of your coffee. It was amusing to watch the struggle, and see how "comfort" invariably got the best of it.

On the occasion in question, when the boat started on its long journey, dignity was predominant, and dashed with a little sulkiness, made him rather disagreeable. After some hours pulling, the boat reached the Esk, and while Bummer was delivering the despatches, my friend, O'Doodle, took care to procure from the midshipman's berth a couple of "stone-masons" of good strong Hollands—bottles, the sight of which at any time would rouse into animation the coldest individual, but how much more if he was just starting at the beginning of a long evening, on a ten miles pull? It is not in human nature, to be sulky with two such bottles in view, and Bummer began to relax. His fat cheeks glowed; the dewlap under his chin wagged; his little eyes sparkled merrily, and he *began to nudge my friend, O'Doodle, with the air of a jolly fellow.*

"What say you to trying one of these, sir?" said O'Doodle.

"I'm sure I see no objection," said Bummer.

Out went the cork, and in an instant that little "rattle in the throat" was heard, which, in a bottle, as in a man, tells that the spirit is about to depart. "Hah! Capital stuff that. Where the deuce did the Esks get hold of it? Are you ready for another?"

Round went the bottle, and this time the crew were helped to a glass. This invigorated them, and they "gave way" lustily. Once more round went the pleasure-bringer, and again, and again.

"I don't think," mused Bummer, "that a song would do us any harm. Who can give us a song?" he cried. Jones, lay in your oar and give us a song."

Jones complied, and then Hobson and Dobbs; and then Bummer himself, and O'Doodle.

The second bottle was broached, and now the men began to "catch crabs," and very little progress was made. They splashed each other with the oars, and roared in the most discordant manner. Poor O'Doodle put his head under his wing, and

took a nap. At last the boat reached the shore. Bummer went up to the consul's house with the despatches, and the men began to quarrel and fight. O'Doodle interfered to prevent them, and was knocked into the water. One man got stabbed with a knife.

By this time their absence had excited surprise on board, and a boat was sent for them. They were taken off to the Snob—poor O'Doodle being attired *a la Turc*, having changed his wet clothes for an oriental garb! Dignity had once more become predominant in Bummer, and he walked a long time haughtily about the deck. Both of them were punished for this offence by dismissal from the service, which finished their naval career, and finishes this chapter.



CHAPTER VI.

SMYRNA.—PLAINS OF TROY.




NEED I enumerate in detail the various voyages of the Caliban from the period of her leaving Marmorice Bay? Need I tell how we were sent from port to port, wherever the most work was to be done and the least credit to be got for it; how we were sometimes baked at Beyrout and sometimes buried at Gibraltar? And all this was owing to the fact that Baggles was a nobody; sprung from no "lofty lineage," boasting no connections in the peerage (that bible of blockheads), and no relations at the "board." It should have been remembered by the commander-in-chief, that if the escutcheon of the Baggles family was humble, it was at least without a stain; that all his progenitors were decently married in the parish church by banns; and neither sold their consciences nor ruined their tailors. The latter half of the nineteenth century will look into these matters more closely, and then, perhaps, people will begin to

question the propriety of giving the command of men-of-war to mere aristocratic popinjays, who keep piano-fortes in their cabins, and use the ship's boats for the conveyance to and fro of the idle travellers, who fly periodically, like swallows, from their native country, to yawn abroad, as they had yawned at home, destitute of energy, and incapable of thought.

We were sent, as I said before, to the most disagreeable duties; and without tracing our journeys, I will sketch some of the different places which we visited in the course of our three years commission. I will now return to the East.

Claudian, a silvery poet of an iron age of poetry, has devoted his thirty-fifth epigram to a description of the port of Smyrna. I shall not quote it, first, because nobody reads him now, and, secondly, because I mean to describe it myself. The reader must take my strokes instead of his lines. Fancy then a dense, compact town, consisting of narrow streets, intersecting each other like the lines of network; fancy this town situated at the foot of hills, one of which has an old, sombre, Mrs. Ratcliffe-looking kind of castle on *the top of it*, which was built by a brother of

William, the last person who conquered us (I presume Joinville will be the next). Fancy again that this town stands at the end of a long, narrow gulf, on the sides of which wild fowl breed; paint it in your mind's eye in various bright hues; ornament it with a few flagstaffs standing up, bearing the colours of the nations of the different consuls; imagine behind it an immense expanse of verdant plains, spotted by pretty villages and shaded by noble trees; and you can form some idea of Smyrna and its environs. This was one of the famous seven candlesticks of the Revelations—now unhappily snuffed out; and this was the town in which Polycarp had a large, and decidedly unpleasant stake. It is divided, strange to say, into three quarters. Of these the Franks, or Europeans have one; the Armenians another; and the Jews, who seldom have quarter given them anywhere, are permitted to possess the third. I know no city where the traveller is so apt to lose his way, and so unlikely to find it again. It is, positively, labyrinthine, “a mighty maze,” and quite “without a plan,” and how is an Englishman—knowing, like a true born Briton, no language but his own—to make himself intelligible to



those sleepy looking, turbaned old gentlemen sitting in their door-ways, and possessing scarcely sufficient animation, to puff out their tobacco-smoke? As for consulting those dark-eyed, languishing-looking women, with the complexion of the olive, and lips of the rose, beware how you venture on that. Civilities to women in the East—particularly from Englishmen—have but one interpretation put upon them, and are answered by the weapons of the men. The articles of commerce to be procured at Smyrna, are Turkish and Persian carpets, and cherry-brandy; tobacco and melons, hollands and curacoa. It is possible, that there may be many more for aught I know. But I speak in preference, of those which I have tried, and as for the last which I mentioned, I love the very sight of the jolly old Dutch galliots which bear them in their capacious holds.

Smyrna boasts a hundred English families, so that you can enjoy tea and small talk, with a dash of sherry and scandal, just for a relish, if your tastes run that way. I observed one curious fact of the habit of the English there, viz., that the look down upon those of their countrymen who have *been longest settled there*, calling them Smyrniotes

This, indeed, may be remarked of English settlers abroad, generally that the man who has been most at home is best thought of; for it is a melancholy fact that people feel uncomfortable abroad, who would be miserable if they were in England. Cannot they be satisfied, with plains that always flourish, and a sky that never frowns; with cheap luxuries, and an easy existence; and must they sigh for the "fog-Babylon," taxes, and the influenza?

The hotels are very indifferent, and I do not think that you will find the autograph of Percival Plug in the travellers-book of any of them. In fact, I tried to discourage the system of autograph writing generally. What possible use can it be to a civilized creature to be made aware of the fact that "Mr. Tomkins, of Clapham, had a good night's sleep here," or that "Mrs. Buggins' fowls worn't cooked properly?"

As little pleasure is to be had in the town, let the traveller take a horse and gallop over the splendid plains—perhaps the most beautiful in the world—to visit the neighbouring villages, the nearest of which (if I remember right) is Bonabat. But before he gives his horse the bridle, let him

right and left, contemplate on one -

ficient cypress forest which forms the Turkish cemetery ; and on the other, the bright expanse of the country. The first is the perfection of shade ; the last of light ; and if the one has a greater interest, as the last resting-place of the departed, the other, by its bright beauty, is calculated to dissipate the gloomy impression which the sight of a thousand tombs makes on the thoughtful mind.

Slight was the impression, however, which it made on the minds of the merry party of midshipmen that galloped over the bridge one day, when the Caliban was lying at anchor near the town
Berkeley and myself, and half-a-doze

in the mess, and

class of human beings except midshipmen ever ride. If one got an opportunity of lashing another's horse it was never neglected, and the greatest triumph was achieved if it could be done in such a manner as to unseat the rider. The nearest village (such is the progress of civilisation!) furnished London bottled stout, which had a considerable influence on the ride back. On our return we secured partridges for dinner, and the evening was spent at a kind of masked ball, given by the Greeks. To this day I shudder at the remembrance of the fearful odours which permeated the room where the company perpetrated what they called dancing. They compelled me to indulge in a large number of glasses of lemonade and brandy, which had the effect of making me lose my way on leaving the room, and I would probably have wandered all night but for a kind Samaritan—a young Scotchman I mean—who, recognising a countryman by my voice (we speak the purest accent in *our* part of Scotland), conducted me to the wharf.

On the whole, I consider Smyrna a very pleasant place, and I shall not forget in a hurry the snug dinners of Mr. B——, our consul there, a



BISCUITS AND GROG.

y old gentleman who has the jovial, gently *bonhomme* of the old school, without their rumposity. In case these pages should meet his , I venture to ask him if he has any of that ital hock left?

et us now depart to another scene. Among places in the East visited by the Mediterranean squadron is Beshika, or Basika Bay, near the mouth of the Hellespont—for I won't call it the Dardanelles—and just opposite Tenedos. This is a convenient watering-place, which constitutes its chief attraction in a utilitarian point of view. But does there a man with soul so dead," &c., who does not feel a rush of enthusiasm, when he remembers, that there are those plains of Troy, infinitely more familiar to his youth than the heath of Salisbury? Who can look unmoved, and ask, on those fields where the Hector and Achilles of his boyish days were wont to contend? Have we then been birched in vain? Did we remain ignorant of science, and French, of modern history and modern discovery, of the mysteries of statistics, and the value of commerce, for the sake of knowing Priam better than George III; or was I better than Queen Anne; Achilles than

Marlborough; the Scamander than the Thames; Mythology than Christianity; and shall we not be able to muster a decent show of classical enthusiasm on the very plains of Troy? Alas! I fear that such is generally the case. Such was the case with us in the Caliban, at all events. Baggles, of course, had never heard of Troy, with the exception of having some hazy notions about "troy weight;" but we all of us, went off shooting red-legged partridges in the neighbourhood, in as matter-of-fact a manner, attired in shooting coats, &c., as if we were in Kent. In fact, there is nothing to be seen but barren plains covered with furze bushes; and one or two mounds, which pass for the barrows of heroes. But one cannot forget that Bryant denied the whole affair, and that modern criticism doubts the personal existence of the bard.

The partridges are not numerous nor good, and the country is not beautiful. The Scamander is represented now by a small bright stream, winding its way through some trees, and boasting one old water-mill of the most primitive construction. Different is this poor brook from the river where the Trojan maidens used to come to offer, in a

spirit of religious liberality, that most valuable sacrifice—their charms—to the river-god !*

Opposite Basika Bay stands old Tenedos, rocky and black. He too has no advantage to recommend him to a resident, except partridges. The wine which this island produces is the most drinkable of all the modern wines in that part of the country, and mulled, will be found pretty tolerable. As for the others, no human being who had ever tasted sherry, would attempt to

“ Fill high the bowl with Samian wine,”

except for the purpose of emptying it out of the window. It has a sickly, sweet, unpleasant taste, as if it had been flavoured with resin and bad honey.

On a fine summer evening, when the sun is sinking slowly in golden pomp in the west, a spectator at the water's edge in Basika Bay, will see the summit of Mount Athos just raised above the horizon, and gilded by the light, at a distance

* The curious reader will find a piquant anecdote connected with this custom in the article *Seamander*, in the Dictionary of Bayle, who displays in the narrative, all the lively wit and *curious erudition* for which he is distinguished.—[Ed.

of about forty miles. This is the mountain between which and the main land, the Persian monarch was said to have cut a passage for his fleet.

"Creditor olim,
Velificatus Athos,"

says Juvenal, contemptuously. It is now the seat of many convents, and has received in consequence the title of the Holy Mountain. I believe I am right in saying that those modern enthusiasts, who still entertain the hope of being able to expound the Revelations, believe it to be the "glorious holy mountain," on which the great Prince Michael is to fix his tabernacle. The navigation near the entrance of the Hellespont is very dangerous, and it fell to our lot, once or twice, when lying at Basika Bay in the Caliban, to have to assist vessels that had run ashore on the rocks of Rabbit Island, on which occasions, while the lieutenant commanding the party, and the men composing it, were employed throwing overboard the cargo to lighten the grounded vessel, and laying out anchors with hawsers to haul her off, it sometimes happened that the midshipmen of the boats were more agreeably occupied, below, with

BISCUITS AND GROG.

se refreshments, which every well-regulated
per's cabin contains. And a very comfortable
e too, a skipper's cabin is ; "a little *dirty*, but
less divine." To be sure, the apartment in
stion is narrow : the roof low ; chairs rickety ;
light muddy, and floor damp. In addition to
ch, it is not perhaps pleasant, to sit in the
nity of the un-made bed of a middle-aged gen-
ian, sparing in his ablutions ; and a strict
lanthropist would wince at the sight of the
lt" made of good inch-and-a-half, suspended
ronder peg, on the cabin door, for the exclusive
lation of the "captain's boy." But let the
boy, summoned by the captain's indignant
; and welcomed by an execration and a threat,
e the portentous sized jar—the classic *amphora*
n the table ; light your cigar, slap the old boy
the back (if you have your glove on) and I
nise you a pleasant hour—at least if you are
of those Linnæan observers of human nature
aspiring to the classification of the varieties
he human plant, don't hesitate to seek it any-
re, on sea, mountain, or plain—loving to play
the "flowers" of the race, but not hesitating
rasp the nettles. Among the "sea-weeds" of

the species will such an enquirer find some extraordinary specimens. I have met many landmen, who thought Mr. Dickens' Cuttle an impossible character,—a kind of Caliban existing only in imagination, and certainly supernatural—but no nautical men, who could not easily fancy the existence in a quite earthly sphere, of "Ed'ard." Let this remark of mine console Mr. Dickens, and "when seen, make a note of!"

It is not strictly regular in this part of my book, devoted to the East, to speak of Syracuse, but I find it more convenient to say a few words of it now.

There is the fine wide harbour, and the white and airy-looking town. On the left (larboard) side of the vessel, lying with its head towards it, stretches a long, flat, marshy country, fertile in papyrus and sheltering to snipe. The streets are filled with the indolent and sensual population, and among them you may see the cavalry capering on their small black horses, and diminutive infantry in blue trowsers, with big muskets, which they appear incapable of using. May all the tools of tyranny (whether human or otherwise) be equally feeble and few!

The English traveller must pay half-a-crown here for his bottle of porter, and content himself with a mule to ride on (unless he prefers a goat). Let me recommend a huge mulberry tree near the watering-place. Of course, nobody neglects going to see Dionysius' Ear, which famous prison, is in excellent preservation.

Verily, "the evil that men do lives after them!" The "solemn temples" of ancient Sicily; the exquisite statuary; those splendid works of art, consecrated to religion, which enriched the plunderer Verres; the senate-house where Cicero paraded his Greek; the tomb marked with a sphere and cylinder, which, in a happier hour, the orator brought to light—all these, where are they? Who shall point out the dust to which they have mouldered? But this Satanic creation—this monstrous invention of a tyrant's brain, stands now—almost ready for immediate use! A little brushing up would render it once more serviceable. Could not the Tory party be brought to subscribe?

Some speculative character, has contrived means by which to hoist up a chair, to a chamber in the *rock, about eighty feet high.* This is supposed to

be the place where the crafty old tyrant stationed himself. A little powder fired off at the entrance to the Ear from a pistol, makes a sound which reverberates through it like thunder—rolling from side to side in a fearful manner.

It is to Syracuse that the squadron go for water when Malta runs short of it. On this service went the Caliban thither, and having completed it, left the harbour—as we will do now.



CHAPTER VII.

THE BRIG SNOB.

APS, on the whole, I enjoyed myself more .S. Brig, Snob than either in the Caliban, ion, or the Preposterous, which vessels honour of my company at various periods Snob following next after the Caliban.

did you ever see the Snob? She was a brig, of the Symondite build, with masts slightly, beautifully bright copper, a s-looking figure head; sitting a little by the id painted black, with a thin white riband ier. The port-sills were not painted red, me small craft, but had a share of the range tint which coloured the inside. In : Snob had the dashing look of an opium or slave ship, toned down into somewhat respectability of a man-of-war in times of She was a vessel of decidedly irregular t sea, diving and jumping like a porpoise, any regard to the comfort of those inside,

but swift as an arrow, and rapid in turning as a weathercock. She never went *over* a meeting wave, did not condescend to do that, but dashed her nose impetuously *through* it; jerked back slightly with the shock, quivered a little, and then dashed onwards, after giving a shower to everybody on deck.

I had several reasons for joining the Snob after the departure of the Caliban for England. In the first place, a small vessel is more free and easy in regard to discipline, and besides, a small vessel in the Mediterranean moves about a great deal, and sees the best and most curious parts of the station. The Snob was a great deal in the Archipelago, or "up the arches," as the sailors call it, and that part of the world I shall touch on by-and-by.

The Snob was commanded by Captain Delamere, a gentleman of family, polished manners, and refined education. As an officer, he governed less by discipline than tact, managing the ship more as the president of a republic than the despot of an empire. His treatment of his officers was distinguished by one principle of liberality very different from the general custom, viz., this, that *he treated* the junior officers with more considera-

tion than their seniors, knowing well that the rank of a lieutenant enables him to take far better care of himself than that of a midshipman, and that the latter, of course, requires greater encouragement. This had the effect of making him, to a certain degree, unpopular with the lieutenants. But who were they? Why, there was Hireling, the first lieutenant, and Bummer (whose melancholy catastrophe I gave in my last) the second. Besides these, the gun-room officers were Dalton, the purser, Leonard, the surgeon, and the master; the midshipman's berth contained O'Doodle, Streatham, Bowler, the clerk, and myself, besides Callender, the assistant surgeon.

When I joined the Snob, I found the mess rejoicing in two things—plenitude of debt and absence of liquor. Bad management had caused the first—the drinking propensities of Bowler the second. For Bowler having found it impossible to live without a bottle of rum *per diem*, had so drank, that he had endangered his life, and it had been found necessary, to prohibit the mess from getting rum, on that account, or from having any private supplies on board. The order was strictly *carried out by Hireling*, the first lieutenant, who,

the better to ensure it, employed the sergeant of marines (who was almost as base as himself) to act as a spy upon the mess. As our berth was situated on the lower deck, and its door faced straight forward, this was an easy matter. We used to deceive the worthy spy occasionally. A midshipman would procure a black bottle, fill it with water, and cork it up. We would then take an opportunity of displaying it to him, as if by accident. He would rush to the capture with the eagerness of an exciseman, and soon find himself woefully disappointed.

Hireling had been brought up in a good school. His father having commanded a convict-hulk, he had been educated on board, amidst all those scenes of refinement which a convict-hulk may be supposed to display. He had served, after joining the service, under one of the old school, who prided himself, on being able, to abuse a man for a quarter of an hour, without using the same expression twice! Under this Billingsgate Quintilian young Hireling, with good natural talents for picking up what was low (and that only), he acquired a copiousness of diction that a *fag* might envy in despair. He was, of course

destitute of letters ; I doubt if he had ever heard of Gibbon, for example ; he used to behave with servility to those above him, and tyranny to those below ; he would walk among the men, giving a kick to one, and interchanging a coarse and very stupid joke with another. In the absence of the commander, he used to drill the crew for the sake of tormenting them. He knew nothing of truth but the name ; and would have sold his soul, to anybody foolish enough to risk an outlay, in so worthless a bargain.

“ Main-top-gallant-yard, there ! ” you would hear him cry. “ You’ve a head, and so has a scupper-nail and a pumpkin ! ”

He liked to see men punished, and gloated over the exhibition of a flogging, with the blood-thirstiness of a hyæna—which animal he resembled in ferocity, as he did a baboon in outward appearance.

Having determined to clear off the mess debt if possible, Bowler was made caterer, and insisted on the most regular payments, and the most rigid economy.

“ What ! twice to beef, Mr, Plug ! Good God, *sir, how can the mess afford that ?* ”

"Really, Bowler"—

"Now boys," Bowler would say, placing a small leg of mutton before us, "here's a dinner fit for a king. Carefully with the salt, O'Doodle. Salt's deuced dear in this part of the world. Why, what are you staring at, Mr. Streatham?"

This was a dialogue one day at sea.

"Upon my soul," said Streatham, who had just been helped, "I hardly know.—I say, Plug, do you perceive anything odd about that mutton?"

"Why," said I, inspecting, "nothing very odd for this mess—but its scarcely fit to eat!"

"And this," cried Bowler, "is my reward for weeks of anxious care! To be snubbed and reproached, by a parcel of whelps, none of whom were out of longclothes, when I came to sea!"

On which the good old man retired in a fit of sorrow to his office, over the bull's eye of which, we used always to place a coil of ropes, to deprive him of the benefit of the light. We thought he bore, himself, with the bad state of the supplies very well, but his resignation was easily explained one afternoon, by our seeing the mess-servant take a small private dish of ham and fried potatoes in, to him!

And we found out, after he left the ship, that while paying off one debt he had been contracting another; that he had supplied himself with private hams at our expense, and that there was a deficit in the accounts of the mess, which could not be explained. In fact, we led a very strange life, what with one thing and another. At sea we were sometimes living on ship's dough and sugar; and in harbour on the choicest viands, Burgundy and Champaigne, for, after the departure of Bow (who was succeeded by a Mr. Grub) we got permission to have supplies of drinkables in regular way.

Hireling was not always without the advances which such people too often escape. He had taken it into his head to ornament the vessel; his taste was rather of the bagman or of the numerous instances of

stuck in the mouth. A little afterwards Captain Delamere was coming on board, and, as usual, passed round the vessel to observe her appearance, in which he felt a natural pride. Round the stern he went, and along the sides, marked the furl of the sails, saw that the ropes were all taut, nothing hanging overboard, and so forth. At length he crossed the bows, and his eye caught the "ornament" appended by Hireling. He steered alongside forthwith, and came on board.

"Mr. Hireling."

"Yes, sir."

"Take *that thing* out of the mouth of the figure-head, if you please, sir!"

Poor Hireling bowed in a melancholy manner, and had the order executed, revenging himself by abusing the commander, at the few and rather disreputable dinner tables, to which he had admission on shore.

Not long after the departure of the Caliban, an adventure worth recording happened to Berkeley, who, like myself, had determined to remain on the station. A delusive impression had become general about this time among the midshipmen of the *squadron*, that it was necessary at some period or

other of their career to have an hostile encounter. This was to be attributed partly to the influence of Mr. Lever's fictions (did you ever read one of them, the hero of which did not invariably fight a duel and ride a steeple-chase?), and partly to the fact, that duelling had been strictly prohibited by the Admiralty, which, as a matter of course, had a natural tendency to stir independent minds into hostile exertion at once. The result of this popular feeling was a general investment in pistols of large dimensions. I was therefore not surprised when Berkeley came on board one evening and informed me that he was determined on taking immediate vengeance on Crickett, a marine officer of the Polypus, for grossly insulting him in the opera. That a deadly insult had been given, as Berkeley said, there could be no doubt. He had exercised the privilege of hissing, and making other sounds in the pit, on which a marine officer sitting at some distance behind him, had taken an opportunity of exclaiming rather loudly, that such conduct was decidedly ungentlemanly. Of the marine officer he had got a glimpse, and on inquiry afterwards found that he was the Crickett *aforesaid*. This was an admirable opportunity for

vindicating the dignity of the profession. He had long been resolved to have a crack at somebody, and Crickett (as a marine officer, and therefore, naturally of small value) would do very well.

"So you see," concluded Berkeley, "old fellow, I came off to secure you at once, and show my friendship for an old mess-mate, by giving you an opportunity of being engaged in 'an affair.'"

My heart did not quite overflow with gratitude for this mark of delicate attention, but I expressed my instant readiness.

"Come," said I, "we'll talk it over with a glass of grog."

Everybody knows, what talking a thing over with a glass of grog means, and how it invariably ends in the adjournment of the debate.

Next day the subject was resumed, and it was agreed that I should dispatch a thundering missive to Crickett, requesting his immediate appointment of a friend. I did so, and received a very sensible reply from Crickett, urging the difference of age between himself and Berkeley; the strictness of the regulations; the paltriness of the affair, and delicately hinting, that he, Crickett, was a married man, &c.

"Bah!" said Berkeley, contemptuously, "let him hide himself under his wife's petticoats, and I'll post him. Try him again."

I tried another note, and poor Crickett still fought shy, and a useless correspondence ensued for some time.

During the interim it happened that Berkeley dropped into Ricardo's billiard-rooms, in the Strada Teatro, one evening, to have the usual quiet game, glass of sherry and water, and cigar. His friend had departed, and he was amusing himself by knocking the balls about, and trying all sorts of preposterous cannons and hazards, when a strange officer entered, apparently bent on a game. There was a bow, a smile, and an agreement to play. They did so, and grew very friendly. In about half-an-hour in comes Jigger, of the Bustard.

"Well, Berkeley, my boy—I havn't seen you this age!"

The stranger threw down his cue.

"Mr. Berkeley, of the Hecatomb, may I ask, sir?"

"I have the honour to belong to that vessel."

"*Will you step this way, if you please?*"

They retired together.

"I must beg to inform you, sir," said the stranger, "that my name is Crickett, and that I belong to the Polypus!"

And so it was. These two warriors had been playing together in the most friendly manner, neither having recollected the other's face. The farcicality of pursuing the affair, was now obvious, even to Berkeley. When they met next, it was armed with "pocket pistols" of a most pacific character, and very pleasant contents, and though both combatants were carried from the scene of encounter, I am happy to say that they were only—tipsy.

About the same period, old Blunderedd, of H.M.S. Regina, had a quarrel, which did not end so well. A travelling professor had arrived in Malta, who undertook to operate on corns, and succeeded very well in relieving old Blunderedd. Now Blunderedd was a master, and masters, as is very well known, are not the most polished officers in the service, so he would harangue his mess-mates in the ward-room, on the operation, in a decidedly disagreeable manner. Shortly after one of these occasions, an article appeared in the Malta

Snail, a local periodical, in which a sarcastic allusion to Blunderedd, *a propos* of the professor, introduced. Blunderedd secured a copy, rushed on board. On going down to the writing room he assumed a commanding position, and delivered himself as follows:

"Gentlemen.—There's been an infamous attack made on me in this here periodical, and I'm convinced that it was written by some one in this mess. Whoever he is, he's a confounded blaggard—so let him put that in his pipe."

This oration was received with "roars of laughter," as the newspapers say.

Blunderedd next retired to his cabin, and having summoned his boy, was very soon occupied in constructing a "colt." He obviously meditated personal castigation of some one, and was determined to inflict it in the most professional manner. In a few moments Blunderedd was attired in sky-blue ducks and a broadtailed coat, and bound for the office of the *Malta Snail*.

"Let me see the editor of this here publication?" quoth the "bright-eyed mariner."

"He's not within, sir," said an official; "have you any message to leave?"

"My name's Blunderedd, and here goes to give you a d—d good rope's ending, you infernal libelling lubber!"

Whereupon, Blunderedd rushed on the unhappy victim with the "colt," and commenced a savage assault. But all parties employed on the establishment, rushed to the rescue. One flung a stool at the gallant officer, another pummelled him with a ruler, a printer's devil seized his wiry hair, and in a few moments, the broad tails were in tatters, and the ducks stained by the veteran's blood!

What was the result? He was well castigated in person; heartily laughed at in the squadron; fined for the assault in the police court; attacked again in the journal, and made the subject of a reprimand in one of the verbose, windy, stupid, general orders which old Sir Booby Booing, K.K., B.B.K., delighted to inflict on the fleet.

I am sure we had scarcely done laughing at the affair in the little dark berth of the Snob a week after, when the signal was made to us from the Palace to "prepare for sea."

"Preparing for sea" means sending up top-gallant yards; bending studding-sail gear; hoisting in the boats; passing the messenger; and what

is infinitely more important in the eyes of all sensible officers, it means getting your mess stock, liquid and otherwise, on board ; your washing, off from the shore, and a store of novels from Muir's Circulating Library in Strada Reale, to beguile your hours afloat ; and it means also—more important still—keeping your duns from coming on board, to bother you before starting !

All these things having been safely accomplished, the Snob left the harbour, resounding with the yells of Hireling, who abused the men working aloft right and left.

In the evening as she surged slowly ahead, moved by a very gentle breeze, O'Doodle and I reclined comfortably in the stowed fore-topmast-staysail on the bowsprit (protected by the foresail from the sight of Hireling aft), smoked the tranquilizing cigar, and watched the trembling streaks of gold, cast by the setting sun over the calm sea.

"This station is, indeed, better than the Pacific," said O'Doodle. "I saw a man fall overboard there once in a gale, and while he was struggling with the waves, an albatross circled round him in wild swoops, and fixing its talons on his head, struck *out his eyes!*"

Who would not, after this, forgive the "bright-eyed mariner" who

Shot the albatross!

That evening as we sat at a frugal refection of cold salt pork with a pickled onion, and "biscuits and grog."

"Well," said I, "now that we are at sea, and have little to do, suppose we write up our logs?"

"Oh! hang our logs," said O'Doodle. "Take the advice of Horace about them, Plug—

'Dissolve frigus, *ligna* super loco
Large reponens!'




CHAPTER VIII.

ATHENS AND THE ARCHIPELAGO.

THE first days at sea, after a long stay in harbour, are usually spent in regrets and anticipations, and, as Dr. Johnson has pronounced that whatever raises the contemplation of the past, and future, above the present, "elevates us in the scale of reasonable beings," they are no doubt very edifying. In the Snob we used to soothe our regrets, and add additional liveliness to our anticipations, by the enjoyment of such luxuries as each fellow in the mess had provided before leaving, and we usually managed to demolish all the cases of pickled salmon, and bottles of claret, in a few days, on which we returned with great philosophy to the "amber fluid" (with which title we dignified the rum), Bologna sausages, and biscuit. On the voyage of which I am now speaking, we encountered a *greggale*, or North-East gale, and were obliged to "dodge" *about*, under the protection of the dark and frown-

ing hills, of the Southern point of Calabria—that land of fierce people, and small fine-flavoured hams. For two or three days we stood off and on, under treble reefs and a storm try-sail, making that chopping motion peculiar to a vessel under easy sail in a swell. Owing to the wetness of the ship, we had the hatches battened down; the hammocks were kept on the lower-deck, which made it insufferably hot and close; the deck itself was greasy with spilt cocoa, and as the funnel had an awkward habit of smoking (which the authorities would be better occupied in trying to put down, than the smoking of the crews), we were half suffocated, suffering from head-ache, and disturbed by the eternal creaking of the bulk-heads, caused by the violence of motion common to Symondites of every size. In addition to all this, we had sailed, just before a grand ball was to be given on board the Regina, to the “fashionables” of Malta. The Reginas thought themselves crack fellows, aspired to be the “guards” of the navy, and tried to elevate the midshipman’s mess above the vulgar standard, of boisterous discomfort, of the old school. And it must be said that they had a very elegant mess, gave very fine dinners, and cut a very good

figure on shore. There was a little bullying of "youngsters" which might have been dispensed with very well, however; I don't see the benefit accruing, from pitching a young gentleman out of the stern-ports of the gun-room into the water, and compelling him to swim to the gang-way to get on board; nor the humour of putting a youth on the lockers, and heaping him over with heavy cushions and midshipmen; nor the propriety of sundry little tortures, physical and otherwise, practised occasionally by the Reginas in spite of their "crackness." But, after all, we must make allowance for the intellectual destitution which compelled some of them to resort to these little amusements to dispel *ennui*—and was not the Regina commanded by Captain Ricochet—Ricochet who had come to sea in command, only because he had wasted a private fortune on shore; who was destitute alike of the tact of the officer, the skill of the seaman, and the qualities of the gentleman—Ricochet, who, having been insolent to a tradesman in his private residence, and having drawn his sword on him, was ignominiously expelled from the house, and had his sword thrown *after him, by the said tradesman?*



On this occasion, the ball, that we of the Snob missed, went off very well. There were awnings spread, decorated with flags; dancing on the upper deck, and supper on the main-deck; military officers and sherry, fruit, flowers, music, young ladies, champagne, and flirtation. No place for a good ball like a line-of-battle ship, and between the quadrilles few things more pleasant, than to persuade your partner to come up on the poop—just for a little fresh air of course—while papa is finishing a pint of sherry in the cabin, and mamma has gone down to the main-deck, to look for her daughter, where she has been told by one of your intimate friends, that she is certain to find her. And then there is the fun of everybody getting into the wrong boat when the party breaks up at daylight, and all the officers finding next morning that they have brought away the wrong cocked-hat or cap. What would Mr. Cobden have said to the state of the navy, if he had seen such a spectacle as a ball on board ship when he was abroad?

Having at last got away from the Calabrian coast, the Snob thundered Eastward with a tremendous breeze, and having sprung a top-sail yard

ran into Navarino Bay. There we anchored before the dreary looking town with its miserable forts, and puny houses, and the long barren shores ; in the waters, beneath which, rest the bones of the many gallant fellows, who perished in the bloody battle known as the "untoward event." We only staid long enough to shift the yard, and having weighed once more, proceeded on our journey, rounded Cerigo, and in a short time had entered the Archipelago, and soon had the pleasure of threading the narrow passage between the two pillars, or light-houses, placed at the mouth of the Piræus. In a short time we had threaded our way also between the vessels lying there, and selected a comfortable anchorage in the snug, and convenient harbour, We were, of course, all anxious to get on shore at the earliest possible period.

"I tell you what, Plug," said O'Doodle, "I must get somebody to keep my watch for me to-morrow, I'm told this is a very decent place, hotels, *cafes*, an opera, nice rides, and all that sort of thing — a few snipes in the marshes, between Piræus and Athens, too, I hear. And old Brown *who keeps the English store*, has some very decent

wine. We must go and have a cruise, and I'm not going to waste my time among any musty old temples,—mind that!"

O'Doodle's notion of seeing a curious place—a place that many a scholar and artist would long to visit—was a very singular one. Not the relics of antiquity, but the productions of modern civilization were the objects of his interest—not ancient temples, but modern hotels—not ancient goddesses, but French landladies. As I viewed the place under both its aspects, I shall endeavour to give the reader a sketch of it.

The town and harbour of Pæræus are distant from Athens about six miles, the country intervening between being uniformly level, partly wooded, and partly marshy. There is a very good road between them, on either side of the centre of which the wood is situated. Half-way on your right, as you go to the city, from the harbour, stands a Greek *café*, or classical public-house, (at which by the by I may mention, my friend O'Doodle got his head broken with the leg of a chair,) where you will find an idle mob of Bavarian soldiers; wandering Albanians, with pistols and dagger in their belts, and baggy kilts of rather dirty white; and

young Greeks with red sashes, pinched in at the waist in the most lady-like manner possible, all lounging lazily, curling their long greasy moustaches, and tipping small doses of aniseed, or large draughts of red wine. The conveyances from the Peræus are rumbling two-horse vehicles, that most assuredly would never have won a prize at the Olympian games. Having settled the amount of drachmas with your driver, off you go to the town. You pass over the level uninteresting road—indulge possibly in a glass of lemonade at the house above-mentioned;—the road winds a little—you turn, and see before you the modern town of Athens, in its narrowness, and poverty,—and on the right the Acropolis and the temple of Theseus, the remains of ancient Athens in all the grandeur of their decay,—faded, weather-beaten, crumbling, but still sublime, and wearing a ghost-like look of melancholy beauty. Just on the right of the road, with its portico facing the east, stands the temple of Theseus, the one, which of all the Athenian structures of antiquity is least dilapidated. Though small in comparison, the elegance of its form, is *remarkable*, and time has tinged it with a brown *shade, which, resembling the colour of Autumnal*

leaves, has a softening effect, that adds something touching to the beauty, which the lapse of ages has altered, but not destroyed. It was built some years before the Parthenon, is of the Doric order; measures 104 feet by 45 (as we learn from Gell); and has six columns in front and thirteen on either flank. It is now used as a kind of museum for the preservation of small pieces of statuary, and sculpture, among which I may mention some Bacchalian boys in basso-relievo as among the best. The government have had the sense to take precautions to prevent the pilfering of relics of antiquity which was formerly carried on wholesale; and every fragment of antiquity among the ruins on the Acropolis may now be seen carefully numbered with red 'chalk. Such measures were absolutely necessary, for it was formerly common for people to knock about the most precious remnants of the greatest civilisation that the world ever saw, as wantonly as if they were no more valuable or beautiful than our architectural efforts in Trafalgar Square! When Sir Pulteney Malcolm commanded the Mediterranean station, two or three officers were dismissed from the service for an act of this character.

The Acropolis, in the days of young splendour ; must have been covered with columns almost as dense as a forest of trees. Of all the buildings which crowned it, there only remain three, and those in a mutilated and imperfect condition—the Parthenœum, the Erectheum, and the Propylæa—groups of columns hanging together like the last rallying remnants of a slaughtered army. The traveller wanders on a scene of desolation, stumbling across some mighty pillar, lying among the grass springing up around it ; and must learn the names of the works which he sees about him, as well as that of their designers and their object, from the books of controversial antiquarians—by endless conjecture—by emendations of Greek texts—and among the scattered hints of some traveller of ancient times, penning light allusions to things he thought sufficiently well known, and never dreaming of the trouble his works would give to dark-lantern-hunting critics of a hundred ages after !

There is still shown in the rock, opposite that side of the Acropolis on which is the Temple of Theseus, a place that passes for the prison of *Socrates*, consisting of three narrow chambers, of

which the centre one has a hole in the top. And not very far off is a lonely tomb, said to be the resting place of the philosopher, where the names of numerous Cockneys, and travellers from the United States, have been scrawled—intended, I presume, to add to the solemnity of the spot. No place is too noble or too insignificant for such records abroad. Descend to the bottom of the Grotto of Antíparos, or examine the books of the humblest hotel, and you will find them. Everywhere you may trace the progress of these reptiles by the slime of their autographs.

Among the smaller remains of ancient magnificence, none are more elegant than those gems of Architecture, the Tower of the Winds, and the Monument of Lysicrates, both of the finest marble, the most faultless form, and the most elaborate finish.

But the sixteen columns which still remain of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius, standing to the south east of the Acropolis, at the distance of a few hundred yards, are the most magnificent remains that time has spared from the splendour of the past, for the admiration and elevation of the present. They are upwards of sixty feet in height.

built of the luxuriantly beautiful Corinthian order, and have an effect, at once so grand, and so refined, that they seem to have grown from the soil by a miracle, to cast the ordinary efforts of humanity into the shade. These sixteen, are the only ones remaining, of the one hundred and twenty, which this mighty structure boasted ; and as its completion was comparatively recent,* the deficiency must be attributed less to the natural course of things than to the wholesale plunder which, even after going on for centuries of barbarism, has left in Athens, so much to be admired. The top of one of them is shown as the place where an extraordinary fanatic took up his residence.

I was much moved one evening when wandering near the ruins, by the sight of a Greek funeral. The coffin was open, and a garland of flowers rested on the bosom of the corpse. A man walked before, bearing the lid, on which was painted a white cross.

From the sublime to the ridiculous is, notoriously, but one step, and assuredly nowhere is that step shorter than in Athens. 'Tis but from the

* *It was completed by the Emperor Hadrian.*

Acropolis to the town—from the temples of the republic to the palace of the king—from the remains of the dead to the dwellings of the living—and what a difference do you find! The palace of the Bavarian—the king Log of Greece—is a huge, white, flat building, looking like a work-house, a hospital, or a barn. The king himself is very unpopular—his Bavarian attendants positively hateful. At the last revolution he exhibited the most miserable irresolution—positive unmanly weakness—was afraid to resist, and yet hesitated to yield; and, as is generally believed, was mainly guided by the counsels, and supported by the courage, of his beautiful and queenly consort. It needed a guard to protect the embarkation of some of his counsellors after that event.

Athens has but one good street, leading straight through it, from the road to the other side. Near its entrance, as you come from Piræus, stands a muddy palm tree in its centre, for what use I cannot tell, and it is, most assuredly no ornament. The Greeks have no nationality. The civilisation of the town is partly French and partly Turkish. The hotels are carried on by Frenchmen, and the shops are bazaars. In the main street there is the

Cafe de l'Europe, a place of general resort for coffee, brandy, lemonade, dominoes, newspapers and discussion. The Greeks are generally fine men, and there is a very intelligent expression of countenance in most of them. Their newspapers as I was informed on good authority, are conducted with ability, and they have a keen relish for intellectual exertion. But their mental power is wild and undisciplined, like that of the Arabs and they are far removed from anything approaching to English civilisation. Under these circumstances, they could have no worse monarch than a common-place, conventional European king, governing by rote, and fretting and strutting his hour upon the stage of government, like the king in a Haymarket burlesque. Unfortunate, unintellectual Otho, what can be expected of you, tossed like a shuttlecock, between unruly subjects, and European diplomatists! The man is unsuited at once to the place and the time. If Greece is to be raised from the dead, into new life, the power must be the power of mind—the sorcerer—a man of genius—a hero—a Mahomet—or a Cromwell. No Lazarus is raised by blubbering relatives, or by *infinite howling and lamentation*.

The Greek Church has but little power. An able pamphlet by Mr. Massey (lately at the head of the University of Athens) claims for it exemption from most of the errors of Rome. The University did not contain a single native professor before the revolution. I understood at that period, that this was to be altered, but I know not with what success the effort has been attended.

There are many pleasant rides in the vicinity of the town, and if it had no other attraction, of the many which it possesses, the traveller would still look back to it with pleasure, if he had had the pleasure while there, of an introduction to the English minister.



CHAPTER IX.

PLUG DISCOURSETH OF TRAVELLERS.—OF THE
GROTTO OF ANTIPAROS.—AND OF DIVERS MATTERS
CONCERNING MALTA.

MOST of the midshipman's mess of the Snob behaved themselves at Athens as they would have done at Liverpool, at Gravesend, or any commonplace town: that is to say, they walked carelessly about the environs, sauntered superciliously among the curiosities, and wondered what they should have for dinner when they got to the hotel. We usually stayed at the Hotel de l'Europe, where there was (perhaps is) a very pretty landlady. I have heard, on good authority, that there was a landlord among the other fixtures on the premises, but him we never saw. I conclude, therefore, that he remained in perpetual, solitary confinement, somewhere about the kitchen. O'Doodle could, with difficulty only, be persuaded to visit the antiquities; and Hireling and Bummer mistook a square *clock-tower* that was presented by the much-

abused Lord Elgin to the modern Athenians, for the Parthenon; and vowed, that it was the finest thing they had ever seen.

As we sat at dinner in the public room of our hotel, we discussed the latest news from England, and O'Doodle seeing a gentleman present who certainly was an ill-favoured individual, took him for a foreigner, and said to me quite audibly—"What a devilish ugly fellow, Plug, eh?"

"You have not travelled much, sir, I presume?" quoth the stranger, in excellent English.

O'Doodle laughed awkwardly, and blushed fearfully.

This little circumstance brings me to the subject of travellers, English and otherwise, in the Mediterranean, and I embrace the opportunity to dash off a sketch of them, in a few bold strokes.

First of all (to give precedence to our countrymen) there is the class of rich, yacht-travellers, who journey in large cutters, and schooners, with enormous quantities of luggage, fat men-servants, pretty nursery-maids, and chubby children. Their yachts are crammed as full of materials for a voyage as Noah's Ark. They travel partly to escape *ennui*, and partly because it is "proper" to

do so. They bring hosts of introductions, to unfortunate ambassadors, and condemn everything that does not resemble what they saw in England. They live in the most expensive manner, in the finest hotels, which, however, they look down upon. They receive you in the most splendid style of luxury, but apologise for it, and remind you "that they are not in London now." If they encounter a foul wind, they run into the nearest port. They go mechanically to see antiquities, but are too dignified to be enthusiastic. They patronise the Parthenon, and say that "it's a pity its in such a ruinous condition." They smile approvingly on the finest Claudes, in the gallery in the Bourbon Museum, at Naples; and think it "proper" to look very solemn at the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. In short, though they should travel a thousand miles, they are never out of England—a characteristic of very many travellers of all ranks. They look at nature through an opera glass. Sometimes they write large books of travels, in which they try to be very fine in describing storms. They quote—

. *atra nubes,*
Condidit lunam, neque certa fulgent,
Sidera nautis.

and remark how singular it is,—“that these phenomena are the same now, as when Horace wrote !” They take care also to tell you in their quartos what they had for dinner, and how much they enjoyed the society of Lord X, the Marquis of Y, and Baron Z.

Besides these, there is the retired tradesman class, who, all the time they are abroad, are not only, virtually in England, but in a shop, or a villa, near London. When they meet you at a *table d'hôte*, they express their joy to “see an Englishman once more,” as if they were in the Desert of Sahara. They grumble at the bills, and the bedrooms, and think “that after all, there’s no place like home.” They live in the closest, most densely-furnished rooms they can get, which they say “are in the good old comfortable English style.” They order up huge tea-pots of tea, at the same hour as they did when in Clapham, on system, but take a little brandy in it, “just because they’re abroad.” They walk up Vesuvius—the father with a cotton umbrella—the mother in pattens. The son John (whom they have great difficulty in keeping in order) goes about the town to see if there’s no place like Evans’s, where

he can have a lark. On their return to England, they only remember that it was very hot abroad.

I must not forget the pedagogical class of travellers. The pedagogue "carries a satchel of school books on the crupper of his horse," as Sterne said of Addison. He wanders about Athens with a pair of spectacles, and a copy of Pausanias, quotes Homer at dinner at the hotel, and is going to start to-morrow for Thermopylæ, to see if any local investigation will throw a light on an obscure passage in Herodotus, that has troubled him a long time.

And then there is, the aspiring young architect, who walks through the ruins of the ancient world, armed with a measuring-tape, and judges of sublimity, by inches. You ask him what he thought of a certain temple, and he tells you the diameter and circumference of its columns. But of the soul, or spiritual meaning, of such structure—the motive that animated its builders—or the idea which was its archetype—of these he knows no more, than the lizards that play about its ruins.

How different from all these the philosophical wanderer, that every now and then, it is your lot, *in happy hour, to meet!* How different the man,

who walks through the world, in a spirit of Catholic sympathy with all around him, anxious to learn, ready to communicate, open to every impulse—bent only on the study of the good, and the admiration of the beautiful! Such travellers, of all ranks, and countries, may sometimes be met by the fortunate—wandering planets bringing light; but how many boobies has England sent abroad, for one M. A. Titmarsh—how many vessels, colliers, luggers, and others to return empty—for one gallant bark, to bring back treasures to its shore!


It was a merry employment, to wander in a sweet summer, in our gallant brig, among the islands of the Archipelago. The heat of the day was moderated by a breeze that had stolen perfume from gardens as it flew, and in the evening we anchored in some small bay, in water so clear and bright, that far below could be seen, the purple seaweed of the floor of the deep. Poros, with its town projected upon a rocky slip, and the sides of its bay lined with lemon-groves, is one of the most beautiful of them.

The island of Antiparos has no attractions but its wonderful grotto. It is hilly and stony, :

except at one end, quite uncultivated. We experienced some difficulty in finding the grotto, but after a rough journey we came to a small hill, on one side of which is the entrance to it, rather spacious, and of a circular form. The grotto itself is reached by a descent, through a hole a few feet inside the archway. Our *modus operandi* was as follows;—we made fast a rope to a stalactical pillar close by the place of descent; pitched the coil down the declivity, and commenced, one by one, our progress down, holding fast by the rope. The descent is very steep, and the ground of it loose, dusty, and covered with stones, which ever and anon rolled down as we proceeded, waking the thunders of the echo. Occasionally we came to a place, where it was necessary to descend perpendicularly many feet; and always found the rock fluted, as if by a chisel, into innumerable lines, by the gentle, but omnipotent waters. As we got further down, the cavern became more spacious, and the blue-lights and port-fires which we ignited, showed enormous stalactites depending from the roof, and every part around us, carved as variously and fantastically as it is possible to conceive—ornamented as we might imagine the Medi-

terranean Palace of the father of Undine to be. A stone thrown casually downwards would keep falling and falling till the sound died away; and the light beamed faint and blue, down the passage we had descended. Even thus far "into the bowels of the earth" were autographs to be seen, and a wooden board with Ο' βασιλεὺς τῆς Ἑλλάδος on it, showed that the cavern had been visited by his Bavarian Majesty of Greece.

I felt, when we once more reached the upper air, as comfortable as Æneas may be supposed to have done, on coming back from the infernal regions; and not long after, the Snob proceeded once more to that famous rendezvous—or skulking-hole, as Mr. Cobden has it—of the Squadron—Malta.

The *physique* of Malta is tolerably well known to the English mind. Who is there that has not heard of the sterile rocky island which imports the very soil for its gardens, from the rich and fertile Sicily? Who knows not somewhat of Valetta, edged with mighty fortifications, with its splendid churches glittering with the finest marble and purest silver, their ceilings glowing with the works of the artist, and floors marked with the crests and titles of the knights, whose remains moulder beneath? 

posing is it, to enter one of these sacred buildings; and the stranger—though its shrines, be such, as he does not bow at—fears the very echo of his footsteps in its magnificent extent—is awed by its solemn silence—and looks with reverence on its rich ornaments, and the well-worn oak of the confessionals, that have heard so many tales of sin.

The English aspect of Malta contrasts curiously with the Maltese, in which, it is, as it were, inlaid. There is Strada Reale straight, broad, and quite with a London air; and nearer the harbour, there are the narrow streets, the “streets of stairs,” and the market with its swarthy, brightly-dressed natives, and its heaps of fish, and fruit—its the eternal olives and oranges.

If I were asked to name the leading characteristics of Malta, I should say the enormous number of priests, and beggars, and the perpetual noise of bells. Go where you will, you encounter shovel-hats, and rags. If you ride to Civita Vecchia you will meet a whole mob of boys in the episcopal garb; and with features so pale,—an expression of countenance so humble and touching—so quiet in all their gestures—the boy apparently having *been extinguished* in all of them—that it is im-

possible not to pity the fortune, which has condemned them, to begin this life of isolation and self-denial, in an age, so little disposed to view them with sympathy or kindness. The beggars look infinitely happier;—but there is no contrast afforded by society, so great as that to be seen in Malta, between the rosy, comfortable English parson with his black oily whiskers and sermon once a week; and the pale and melancholy looking priest with his daily services of all kinds in the church; and at home, his solitary, rude chamber, presenting no signs of civilization, but the tomes of divinity strewed everywhere around. Truly, if the lives of these men were known to some of our protestant agitators, let us hope, for the honour of human nature, that we should hear less said against them.

The society of Malta is of a mixed character,—the military predominating. The mercantile portion of the community, give dinners and balls, and have boxes at the opera. The place is England in miniature in a social point of view. The Governor is a little king, and has little *levees*. The Naval Commander-in-Chief, the superior military officers, and the wealthy portion of the mercantile community, form a little aristocracy. They go to the

opera in state, and as a rumbling old *caleche* draws up, after it is over, you hear—"Mrs. Calico's carriages stops the way!" roared out in a most imposing manner—the position of Mr. Calico in English society, being that of a banker's clerk. Then there are flirtations, and engagements, and unfortunately, sometimes breakings off, of said engagements. There was Miss Cockatoo, for example, I remember;—she must have had a most extraordinary heart, for it was broken two or three times, according to all accounts. But somehow or other, it always got mended again—as good as new—(nothing like gold, to solder up, the general run of hearts) and she was engaged to somebody else. I think she must have had in the course of her matrimonial negotiations, enough ugly miniatures of lovers, to stock a picture dealer's.

She might well have exclaimed, with a young writer of the present day—*

"Are the stars but bright deceptions,
Is there nought in life to love,
Is all nature false," &c.

* * * * *

Malta, has its Newmarket, also. There is a race-

* Mr. Sydney Blanchard.—[En.

ground of hard road, and there are races twice a year; and a clerk of the course; and gentlemen in top-boots; and ringing of bells; and weighing of riders; and much noise,—ultimately terminating in half-a-dozen smart gallops, which constitutes the “sport.”

Noisy, but not very heavy bets, are made, and every year or so, some foolish midshipman is found content to lose a hundred dollars or two, for the sake of being thought a fine dashing fellow; and papa, the country gentleman, or papa, the clergyman, suffers in purse, that his son may be a Brummagem Bentinck.

Young military sprigs, in Malta, are sources of laughter, to the sensible, occasionally. Thus, fancy the principal *cafe*, Mula's, in Stada Reale, full, some night, of naval officers. Enter an ensign, only arrived a few weeks ago, from school in England. Ensign walks to the glass in sight of everybody, pulls up his stock, and cries out—“Ah! wait—aw; you've got nobody here to-night!” The naval men, too sensible to take any other notice of the impertinence, roar unanimously, in tremendous bursts of laughter.

CHAPTER X.

PLUG DISCOURSETH FURTHER OF MALTA
NAVAL OFFICERS.

SARCASM is said, by Carlyle, to be the
of the Devil. Perhaps so. Carlyle is
right. But, prythee, if such be so, what
Has it not an equal claim to the distinct
we settle it thus:—that sarcasm is the
the Devil uses to your face; scandal,
he uses behind your back?

There is a good deal of scandal at
have hinted before. In fact, as a ge
there is scandal in all societies, where t
tual tone is not high; and such is the
garrison society. Where people do
politics, literature, or art, much, they
resort to scandal. As poverty in cir
drives the lower orders to gin, so pov
tellect, drives what are called their
scandal.

Accordingly, Malta is scandalous. La

we will suppose, is travelling, and is separated from her husband. Forthwith, the coteries discuss the how, the why, and the wherefore. In a week, the separation has been exaggerated into a divorce, and the lady's fault, from an infirmity of temper, into a want of virtue. If she keeps out of society, she is ashamed to be seen: if she courts it, and appears much in public, she is trying to brazen it out! Had Paradise been in Malta, and the story of the Fall been repeated—in less than a fortnight, Eve would have been made out the original tempter, and the serpent a boa-constrictor of the largest size known. And then the prying into, and loose babbling about, the affairs of everybody! If a young officer is abstemious, you hear people say—"Ah! poor fellow, he's got nothing but his pay! I wonder how he manages to rub along!" If, on the other hand, he cuts a dash, then the very people who drink his champagne say—shaking their heads—"Depend on it, we shall see the bubble burst before long!"

As a place for that magical thing, *tick*, Malta may fairly rank, after the English universities. No sooner does a new ship come out, than she is boarded by a number of tradesmen. The young-

sters are tempted, give orders, swell up bills. Presently, the ship is going to leave for England and then the disturbance begins. "Pay de bill sar!" roars the Maltese. The money, perhaps, is not forthcoming, and means are resorted to, to keep "the duns" from getting on board. The sentry has orders to keep a particular boat off; the day of sailing comes. The stately vessel is seen leaving the harbour. Pertinacious to the last, the dun, is rowed furiously in a line with the ship. "Did you get my bill, sar?" cries he to a youngster, whom he recognises at the gangway. "Oh, yes," replies the youth, holding up a lengthy document, very coolly, "here it is!" The ship departs, and the creditor must wait till his debtor come again on the station, or till he can recover his debt, by tardy communications with England. I am far from saying, that such is the case invariably, but still there have been many instances such as I have drawn a sketch of; and can it be wondered at, under the circumstances? For example, how that unfortunate Mr. Carbuncle, the jeweller, suffered! The man was as green as one of his own emeralds; opened a large glittering *showroom*, and invited patronage. What was the

result? In a week there was scarcely a youngster who did not display in his stock, a troop of dragoons, a huge knight with a mediæval battle axe in his hand, or some such elegant design, worked in gold. They had even got to the pitch of making small presents to each other, such as a five guinea ring, or some trifle of that sort. Poor O'Doodle looked, in a short time, as if he "had been dipped in Pactolus," to use an expression of Dr. Johnson's.

Can I forget either, the melancholy look of poor Bobacchio, who, when standing under the main-hatchway, on the lower deck of the brig Roarer (Captain Bulrush) received a large tom cat, of mature years, on his bald pate, from above? The reader wonders, perhaps, why Bobacchio did not complain to Captain Bulrush. But if, indeed, any satisfaction could be obtained from Bulrush, there was the preliminary difficulty to be got over of finding that worthy officer in a sober moment. How often have I seen the scandalous old rip drinking and roaring in M——'s *cafe*, in Strada Reale, at night, surrounded by a crowd of applauding youngsters! Shall I ever forget how, on one such occasion, a *caleche* was obtained for the party,

how Bulrush mounted on the top of it, which, as well as the inside, back, shafts, and every part, was loaded by a crowd of boys in uniform, shouting—"Make sail—go a-head!" and raising every kind of hideous noise! Bulrush was even known to have put an officer under arrest for hauling up the mainsail at sea, when it was absolutely necessary to the safety of the brig, to which fact he was blissfully indifferent, from repeated potations. It may excite wonder how he got a command; but wonder will vanish, when the fact is stated, that he had electioneering influence, and that—the Admiralty was a Whig one. However—other Admiralty functionaries, besides Whig ones, may claim remark by their extraordinary proceedings. For instance, look at Sir Gabble Cocktail, who was first naval lord during Sir Beelzebub Windbag's administration. Do not all naval men remember, how that old hero, when in command of the squadron in the West Indies, insisted—in the deadly heat of that climate—on all the officers wearing stocks, and coats buttoned up to the throat?

Let us not, however, too hastily condemn the *eccentricities* of such old gentlemen as Bulrush,

for, at least, they serve to enliven the dulness of the island. On the same principle let me here, on behalf of the residents, specially thank the worthy nobleman who took the trouble to go out there, in one of the steamers of the Peninsula and Oriental Company, on purpose to fight a duel, with an officer in one of the regiments, having accomplished which, without any deadly result, he returned to his native country. There was a dash of chivalry in this, refreshing in a mechanical age. All honour, likewise, be to the benevolent bigots of both religions, who, by attacks from the pulpit, or the altar, manage to create a "sensation," and make the periods between the arrivals of the mails a little less long; neither let us altogether forget the horsewhippings and actions-at-law, occasionally arising from the "liberty of the press," enjoyed by the worthy editors of the *Pop-gun* and the *Creeper*. But for these various excitements, how would her Majesty's subjects get through the long summer days, particularly such of them as are visited by the *sirocco*, bringing unnatural heat, languor, weariness, and a sadness of spirits, that wine cannot exhilarate, flowers refresh, or music soothe, on its heavy wings?

The reader can but appreciate a midshipman's life in Malta, by accompanying (in imagination) two youngsters on a day's pleasure. They obtain leave from the first lieutenant, and call alongside one of the fantastically painted shore-boats, in which they proceed to land on the Valetta side, at that point which goes by the name of *Nix-Mangiare* stairs—a hill which leads to the military gate which you pass through in entering the town. On this hill the poorer part of the lower orders of Maltese were, some years ago, in the habit of reposing at night, in barrels. But, in consequence of its becoming a popular amusement for young officers to roll the slumbering population down the declivity, they abandoned the practice, and have now taken to sleeping in sacks. Up this hill, through the gate, and up the streets of stairs—through Strada San Giovanna—past St. John's Church, the friends we have undertaken to accompany, proceed, and finally halt in a *cafe* in Strada Reale. The day, of course, is begun with refreshment. The next step is to procure horses, for a ride to Cirita Vecchia. By the agency of a bare-headed youth, in blue trowsers, and a red sash, *smoking* a very black looking cigar, and scratch-

ing his head with ominous frequency, these are obtained. Our friends mount. "Easy, sar!" cries the policeman, as they pass through the gate in a canter, and away they go, and having passed out of the fortifications, gallop along the hard high road at full speed. It is a peculiarity of Maltese horses to stop dead short—no matter what their speed—on arriving at the Dairy, a road-side inn, carried on by an old English landlady, some way out. For, from time immemorial, it has been customary for naval travellers to halt here for refreshment, which generally consists of a pleasing compound of rum, milk, sugar, and nutmeg. This accomplished, the journey is proceeded with, with increased relish. There are no attractions in the way of scenery, for the island all round is very barren and white. At Civita Vecchia, comes another halt, the horses are sent to the stable, and our friends proceed to Frank's, where a cold collation and wine and water refresh them agreeably after their hot and hasty ride. Civita Vecchia has St. Paul's Cathedral, and some catacombs to gratify curiosity. Of these, the first is splendid—the latter interesting, but both cathedrals and catacombs are objects so well-known to the public

now-a-days, that it is hardly necessary much in the way of description. I mustaphatically to state, however, for the ho Malta, and Roman Catholicism, that this c unlike a namesake and contemporary near may be entered by any one, without a pre demand for two-pence. I hope that will abuse this privilege, as a certain man did, who put some caustic in the ho font.

Some distance from Civita Vecchia, is said to be the one in which St. Paul w wrecked. There is a small and pleasar there, where people go, not on pilgrima pic-nics. They talk of St. Paul, but Bacc far more of their attention. In the neighb of Civita Vecchia (which, by the way, is Ar *Chitty Wick*) are the palace and gar Bosketto. The palace is empty and bare, a most melancholy appearance, for the p on the ceilings have faded into dimness gardens are pretty, and have a cool grotto, *fresh bubbling fountain*, that makes a p *summer retreat*.

Let us now accompany the two mi

back to town in the cool of the evening. They dine at a hotel, and proceed to the opera.

The best performances in the Malta opera, are not always those on the stage, but occasionally those which take place in the body of the theatre. For it is the delight of the English to encourage an English singer, while the natives adopt an entirely opposite course, from a feeling of patriotism, which no other subject excites in them. Some years ago the opposition ran so high that a regular battle was fought in the pit. Every officer had gone provided with a stick, and at a certain period let fly at his neighbour. A tremendous battle ensued, to which we may say, with a small attempt at a joke, that the admiral contributed his *might*, for he broke off the legs of the chairs in his box, and threw them down to the combatants. For a time victory appeared doubtful, but English pluck prevailed; an unfortunate Maltese had his jaw broken, and more mischief would have been done, but for the entry of a party of soldiers, sent to put a stop to this creditable proceeding.

But now we hear the preliminary striking up of the orchestra—the hat of a Maltese in the pit is knocked off by the gentleman next him—

the curtain rises, and discloses a shaky cast of trees with mysterious lights gleaming through the trunks, and a moon terribly in want of snuffing.

Perhaps we have *Lucia*, with the retainers intended for Lowland Scotch, of the era of Queen Anne, dressed in kilts, all of different patterns and none of any recognised tartan; or an opera version of *Romeo and Juliet*, in the concluding scene of which the two lovers are seen singing duet together, in the agonies of death, in the tomb; or, an opera founded on the tale of Sappho in which that poetical heroine is represented by a stout, middle-aged woman, and her leap from "Lencadia's Rock," by a dirty-clothes-bag pitch from a pasteboard promontory—on which the curtain falls, amidst great applause, and "Rule Britannia" is played by the orchestra.

After the performance, the midshipmen go to Ricardo's, Mula's, or Joe Micallef's, and the evening is finished with coffee, lemonade, brandy and water, billiards, and cigars. The clicking of the ivory balls is heard till an early hour in the morning, and when the party breaks up and goes on board, the silence of the harbour is broken

songs, more of the Bacchanalian than the serenading character.

Having thus watched the career of a modern juvenile Nelson for one day, I shall conclude this concluding chapter by giving some account of the natural history of the naval officers.

Lady Blessington, in her *Idler in Italy*, has been pleased to give a very favourable opinion of naval officers as members of society. There are few people who will not agree with her in this respect. The early hardships to be encountered, and the "free and easy" method of living, in a midshipman's berth, give a frankness and liberality to the character, and keep it free from the pretension often visible in members of the higher professions. As *seniores priores* is a golden rule, or, at least, a gilt rule, I shall begin by giving some hints on captains in the service, first—

The school of naval captains most remarkable, is one which may be called the "Benbow school," from its adherence to the old customs of the service. The captain of this school thinks that the service is going to the devil. He uses a speaking trumpet, and wears a broad tailed coat. He looks with abhorrence upon a man who can reason, or

speaking fluently, and calls him a "sea lawyer." He impresses upon the minds of his officers, that they have no right to think, and sets an example, by never thinking himself. He has a prejudice against jewellery and clean shirts, and thinks it effeminate to take marmalade, or any sort of confectionary. He has divine service performed every Sunday, and regularly goes to sleep during the sermon. He "wonders what the navy will come to," when he sees claret in a midshipman's mess. He discourages taking in journals, and goes to sleep after dinner. He flogs the men often "on system," and pronounces a youngster who shows any affectionate remembrance of home a milksop. He always holds the same political opinions as the ministry that is in; and is very much afraid of the admiral. He writes his grammar, and has never heard of the *Athenæum*.

Some old boys of this class still get command and may be called the funguses of the British Navy. They enrich their conversation with nautical slang, and have a horror of *eau de Cologne*. They reject all new inventions, and do everything in the old-fashioned way. They put all their sons in the service, and allow them very little money.

they think an infallible way of bringing them up to heroism, but are too often disappointed, by seeing them turn out penurious, mechanical boobies.

The opposite class to this, is the class of dashing dandy captains, who have piano-fortes in their cabins—give parties on board—go out partridge shooting—and find their duty a bore. These gentlemen cultivate the acquaintance of the military, and are proud of losing their money at blind-hookey. In fact, they try to turn the vessels they command into yachts, and succeed in degrading them from the rank of men-of-war, but not in obtaining any elegance to make up for the loss of their utility. They keep numbers of dogs on board, and sometimes, the more congenial baboon.

There are lieutenants and midshipmen of both the schools which I have described; but the majority of them, as of all ranks in the profession admit of no classification, but the general one of being “very good fellows”—an English panegyrical phrase of great, though homely, force. They are great in the battle, and good at the board. You admire them in the din of warfare—and love

them in the hour of conviviality, for—like olives—their company gives a hearty relish to wine.

In conclusion, it is only necessary to say, as far as personal narrative is concerned, that after leaving the Snob, and serving in the Orson, I returned to England in the Preposterous.

Here my book ends; and I conclude it with a feeling of melancholy—for who ever entered the Mediterranean without a smile, or left it without a sigh! Let me express my sympathy with the gallant Sicilians, who have risen to claim their independence and rights. Surely, Liberty “is not dead, but sleepeth.” And let us hope, that in all the sunny lands which the Mediterranean laves, the people will soon awaken to liberty and civilization—strangling the vampire of despotism, which hovers over their slumber, and feeds upon their life blood. At least, I will have the pleasure, of closing my work with the kindly wish.

THE END.

• •

Printed by R. S. FRANCIS, 25, Museum Street, Bloomsbury.







